



PROJECT: DESTINY

A FOUR-PART STORY BY CAVAN SCOTT & MARK WRIGHT

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THE DOCTOR: SYLVESTER McCOY

Time traveller.

ACE: SOPHIE ALDRED

Time traveller's long-time companion.

HEX: PHILIP OLIVIER

Time traveller's other companion – near death's door, after being shot in *The Angel of Scutari*.

SIR WILLIAM ABBERTON, AKA NIMROD: STEPHEN CHANCE

Director of the Forge, a vampire/cyborg hybrid. The Doctor witnessed his murder of Hex's mother, Cassie.

CAPTAIN LYSANDRA ARISTEDES:

F, E40s, of Greek descent. A committed soldier, she has been with the Forge for much of her career.

SERGEANT JARROD:

M, L20s. Aristedes's second in command.

HELEN/ORACLE:

F, E20s. Nurse hiding out in a deserted St Gart's./The Forge's super-computer, with female personality matrix.

ALSO: SOLDIER (MATTHEWS); PILOT; REPORTER; MAN; CASSIE.

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PART ONE

PRE-CREDITS: REPRISE FROM THE ANGEL OF SCUTARI PART FOUR

(FX: FADE UP. FROM SCENES 35/40:)

KITCHEN:

I say the boy's a collaborator. To hell with him.

FLORENCE:

Bartholomew, no-!!!

~~RUSSELL:~~

~~(RUSHING OVER) Damn it, Kitchen~~

HEX:

Oh God. Ace -

(FX: MUSKET FIRES)

CONTINUES INTO REPRISE FROM SCENE 56: INT. CORRIDOR

HEX:

(IS HIT, IN THE SHOULDER. CRIES OUT AND GOES DOWN)

CROSSFADE INTO FURTHER REPRISE, ALSO FROM SCENE 56:

HEX:

(WOUND TOUCHED) God-!

FLORENCE:

Stay still, Mr Schofield! I can see - the shot has passed through the claviopectoral fascia...

HEX:

Anything else-?

FLORENCE:

... I need more light. Mr Russell! Procure me a lamp, if you please!

HEX:

I don't believe it. The one time the Lady with the Lamp's without a lamp, is when she's treating me -

CROSSFADE INTO FURTHER REPRISE, ALSO FROM SCENE 56:

(FX: MATERIALISATION COMPLETE. DOOR OPENS)

~~DOCTOR:~~

~~(EXITING TARDIS) Hello. Us again. Brigadier general.~~

HEX:

Doctor! Ace!

ACE:

(FOLLOWING DOCTOR) Alright face-ache? ... (SEEING HEX'S WOUND)
Oh my God, what's happened?

CROSSFADE INTO REPRISE FROM SCENE 57: INT. TARDIS

ACE:

Doctor! Wherever we're going, we need to get there fast-!

HEX:

Don't wanna be in any poncey space hospital, mind. There's only one time and one place I wanna be right now -

DOCTOR:

I realise that, Mister Hex! And that - is precisely where we're going!

(FX: UP IN-FLIGHT PITCH; TARDIS CHANGES COURSE)

ACE:

Where-?

HEX:

He knows - (GROANS, PASSES OUT)

ACE:

Hex? Can you hear me?

DOCTOR:

... Saint Gart's.

ACE:

(FRANTIC) HEX!!!

(MUSIC: CRASH INTO OPENING THEME)

SCENE 1: EXT. LONDON STREET (DAY)

(FX: ALL IS QUIET, SAVE FOR THE ODD BIRDSONG. NO PEOPLE. NO TRAFFIC. NOTHING, UNTIL THE TARDIS MATERIALISES. ENGINES FADE TO NOTHING. SILENCE. A DOG BARKS IN THE DISTANCE. THEN, BOTH DOORS SLAM OPEN. RATTLE OF WHEELCHAIR LIFTED OUT OF DOORS)

ACE:

(SHOVING WHEELCHAIR) Stupid great thing-! Come – *on!!!*

HEX:

(GROANS) Whuh-?

DOCTOR:

Gently, Ace! Wheel him out gently!

ACE:

We haven't time!

DOCTOR:

We must take care! Hex is in a dangerous condition.

HEX:

(PAINED, WOOZY) Yeah, 19th century musket balls in your shoulder will do that...

ACE:

Don't. Say. Anything. Understand?

DOCTOR:

Don't worry, Mr Hex – (FX: CLOSING TARDIS DOOR) – the hospital is just around the corner.

ACE:

Are you sure? This doesn't look like I remember.

DOCTOR:

We're in the year 2024... or possibly 2026. The TARDIS hasn't fully recovered yet. – (SEEING SOMETHING) A-ha!

ACE:

The Rabbit!

DOCTOR:

The White Rabbit public house, a stone's throw from Saint Gart's. Some things never change.

ACE:

Well, what are we waiting for? Come on!

(FX: ACE PUSHES THE WHEELCHAIR URGENTLY FORWARD)

HEX:
(GROANS)

ACE:
Sorry.

HEX:
Just... get a shift on, eh?

ACE:
Brace yourself.

(FX: CLATTERING WHEELCHAIR AS THEY RUN)

HEX:
(LONG GROAN)

SCENE 2: EXT. LONDON STREET (DAY)

(FX: FADE UP. 3 x BOOTSTEPS ECHO ON SILENT STREET. A TRACKER DEVICE BEEPS REPEATEDLY)

ARISTEDES:

Life signs detected. One Contaminant confirmed in the area. Sergeant Jarrod, Corporal Matthews, with me.

JARROD/SOLDIER:

Ma'am.

ARISTEDES:

Let's keep it tight, I want no foul-ups this time.

(FX: THEY MOVE OFF)

SCENE 3: EXT. LONDON ROAD (DAY)

(FX: THE WHEELCHAIR RATTLES AS ACE TEARS ALONG)

DOCTOR:

(RUSHING) Ace, be careful! You'll have him over!

ACE:

(RUSHING) Then you should have dropped us off closer!

DOCTOR:

(RUSHING) Imagine the fuss if we'd materialised in Reception.

ACE:

(RUSHING) You alright there, Hex? (BEAT) Hex, can you hear me?

DOCTOR:

(RUSHING) Mr Hex, stay with us!

ACE:

(RUSHING) It's no use – he's out of it.

DOCTOR:

(RUSHING) It's only to be expected. We're outside the beneficial environment of the TARDIS – (ALARM) Mind the road!

ACE:

(STOPPED) Yeah, there's no traffic-?

DOCTOR:

(STOPPED) Don't be absurd. We're in London, of course there's traffic. –

(BEAT. SILENCE)

ACE:

(PUZZLED) No traffic.

DOCTOR:

It's the middle of the day. No traffic. No people. Nothing.

ACE:

(FX: RATTLING WHEELCHAIR) Who cares? We're here to get Hex patched up, remember?

DOCTOR:

"Upon this street where time has died." As if London has just... stopped. But why...?

SCENE 4: EXT. THAMES EMBANKMENT (DAY)

(FX: FADE UP. WATER LAPPING. 3 x BOOTSTEPS APPROACH AND STOP.
TRACKER BEEPS REPEATEDLY)

ARISTEDES:

Jarrood?

JARROD:

I can't tell, Ma'am. It's like something just disrupted the signal, some weird energy discharge nearby in the last few minutes.

ARISTEDES:

Keep trying. (BEAT) Can't get used to London like this. Two months since the evacuation and still no closer to a breakthrough.

SCENE 5: EXT. ST GART'S CAR PARK (DAY)

(FX: FADE UP CLATTER OF WHEELCHAIR, RUSHING FOOTSTEPS)

DOCTOR:
(RUSHING) At last! Accident and Emergency!

ACE:
(RUSHING) Hear that, Hex? Soon be over –

DOCTOR:
(SKIDDING TO HALT) Ace, stop!

ACE:
(FX: BRAKING WHEELCHAIR) What is it?

DOCTOR:
The doors.

ACE:
What about them?

DOCTOR:
They should have opened automatically.

(BEAT)

ACE:
No power?

(FX: DOCTOR PULLS ON AUTOMATIC DOORS. THEY REMAIN CLOSED)

DOCTOR:
Locked.

ACE:
What's going on, Doctor?

(FX: IN THE DISTANCE, A CHOPPER)

DOCTOR:
Listen.

(FX: CHOPPER COMING CLOSER)

ACE:
A chopper. There are people about.

DOCTOR:
I suggest we get out of sight.

ACE:

Maybe they can help.

DOCTOR:

I think, for now... (FX: BUZZ OF SONIC SCREWDRIVER ON DOORS) ...
caution is advised.

ACE:

Hurry up!

(FX: LOCK SPARKS AND FIZZES. END SCREWDRIVER)

DOCTOR:

Success! Now – pull!

(FX: TOGETHER THEY HEAVE THE DOORS OPEN. CHOPPER ALMOST ON TOP
OF THEM)

DOCTOR:

After you, Ace.

(FX: THEY PUSH THE WHEELCHAIR INSIDE JUST AS THE CHOPPER FLIES
OVERHEAD)

SCENE 6: INT. CHOPPER (DAY)

(FX: CHOPPER ROARS THROUGH THE AIR)

PILOT:
Perseus, Pegasus Two.

ARISTEDES:
(DISTORT, THRU SPEAKER) Perseus receiving. Over.

PILOT:
Possible sighting of civilians in Sector One, vicinity of St Gart's. Over.

SCENE 7: EXT. THAMES EMBANKMENT (DAY)

(FX: AS BEFORE. TRACKER STILL BLEEPING)

ARISTEDES:
Acknowledged. What's their status? Over.

PILOT:
(D) Unknown. Over.

ARISTEDES:
Then we'll investigate. Continue sweep to Sector Three. Perseus out. (FX: CRUNCH OF STATIC AS SHE CLOSES COMMS CHANNEL) Change of plan, boys. Let's go.

(FX: 3 x BOOTSTEPS MOVE OFF. FADE)

SCENE 8: INT. ST. GART'S – RECEPTION

(FX: EXTERIOR DOORS SLID SHUT. INSIDE, ST GART'S IS EMPTY, ECHOEY, DEAD)

DOCTOR:
Welcome home, Mr Hex.

ACE:
Do you think the chopper saw us?

DOCTOR:
I can't be certain, but we have more important things to worry about. Now, Reception desk –

(FX: DOCTOR TAPS AT A KEYBOARD)

ACE:
Weird to be in A and E, without the six-hour wait.

DOCTOR:
Quite. All human life should be here. Something is very wrong.

ACE:
What are you doing?

DOCTOR:
Trying to shed a little light on the situation. (FX: BREAKS OFF TYPING) Only I'm getting nowhere! (BEAT) Perhaps – an appeal to a higher power? (CALLING) System: online. (NOTHING) System?

ACE:
System's as dead as this place. We need to get Hex somewhere else if St Gart's is closed for business.

DOCTOR:
The whole of London is closed for business, it seems. (DECIDING) If the System network is down, we'll have to do this the old-fashioned way.

(FX: ANOTHER WHINE OF THE SONIC)

ACE:
Come on, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
Just a little rerouting, and...

(FX: FLUORESCENT LIGHTS FLICKER AND BUZZ INTO LIFE OVERHEAD)

ACE:
Emergency power?

DOCTOR:
I've restored essential systems.

ACE:
And Sis?

DOCTOR:
Still offline, but no matter. Let's get Hex upstairs.

ACE:
Upstairs where?

DOCTOR:
Surgery.

ACE:
But there's no-one here.

DOCTOR:
Ace, you forget. I'm a Doctor. (FX: PUSHES WHEELCHAIR)

ACE:
You're joking. (CALLING AFTER HIM) Doctor, tell me you're joking-!

DOCTOR:
(CALLING BACK) Come on!

SCENE 9: EXT. LONDON STREET (DAY)

(FX: FADE UP. TRACKER BEEPS. 3 x BOOTSTEPS TO HALT)

ARISTEDES:

Fan out and keep your eyes open, they can come out of nowhere at a second's notice.

(FX: TRACKER BEGINS TO BEEP ERRATICALLY)

JARROD:

The tracker's going mad, it can't lock onto anything now. We must be right on top of that energy discharge.

ARISTEDES:

What is going on around here?

SOLDIER:

(CALLING FROM OFF) Captain, over here!

(FX: ARISTEDES AND JARROD RUN ACROSS TO JOIN THE SOLDIER)

ARISTEDES:

What have we got, Corporal? (SEEING TARDIS; TO SELF) Oh, this is all we need. —

JARROD:

It's a Police Box.

ARISTEDES:

No, it's not.

JARROD:

It is! My Great-Granddad was a copper back in the nineteen-sixties. I've seen pictures. That said... I thought they were blue, not white... (FX: TRACKER GOING WILD) Woah! The tracker's going wild!

ARISTEDES:

Yes, Sergeant. This Police Box is the source of your energy discharge.

JARROD:

Ma'am?

(FX: COMMS CHANNEL OPENED)

ARISTEDES:

Perseus to base. (BEAT) Inform the director. Suspected Code: Lazarus.

SCENE 10: INT. ST. GART'S – CORRIDOR

(FX: DOOR CRASHES OPEN. MUCH HUFFING AND PUFFING FROM THE DOCTOR AND ACE AS THEY CARRY HEX OUT OF THE STAIRWELL)

ACE:

You could have got the lifts working.

(FX: THEY WHEEL HEX DOWN THE CORRIDOR)

DOCTOR:

Too risky under emergency power. Don't you remember your fire training?

ACE:

Yeah, all right, no need to quote the employee handbook at me, thank you. I was the one who worked in Human Resources, remember? You were just the janitor.

DOCTOR:

Here we are. Nanosurgery.

HEX:

(WEAK) Nan? I'm sorry, Nan... I should have... should have...

ACE:

Hex?

HEX:

(GROANS. A WEAK, FEEBLE, DANGEROUS GROAN)

ACE:

(SERIOUS) Doctor, he's looking worse –

DOCTOR:

Toxic shock, perhaps?

ACE:

What?

DOCTOR:

Who knows what he picked up in that wound?

ACE:

Yeah, Scutari wasn't exactly squeaky clean.

DOCTOR:

We must hurry. Ace, help me!

SCENE 11: EXT. LONDON STREET (DAY)

(FX: FADE UP. 3 x BOOTSTEPS RUNNING. BLEEP FROM TRACKER)

JARROD:

(RUNNING) Ma'am, the data-net has detected a power surge from nearby. St Gart's.

ARISTEDES:

(RUNNING) The hospital? What kind of surge?

JARROD:

(RUNNING) Looks like... someone tried to access the System network.

ARISTEDES:

(STOPPING) Can we get a look at them?

(FX: BEEPS AS JARROD CHECKS HIS SCREEN)

JARROD:

Negative. Internal cameras are off-line.

ARISTEDES:

Can we reboot System remotely?

JARROD:

Shouldn't be a problem. I could get [Oracle -]

ARISTEDES:

(INTERRUPTING) On second thoughts, let's keep them in the dark. We don't want them to know we're on our way. Good work, Sergeant. Right, listen up. New orders! We are to forget about the Contaminants for now and proceed directly to St Gart's. Call up Whiston's unit, we'll be needing more bodies.

JARROD:

What exactly are we looking for?

ARISTIDES:

That's "who", Sergeant.

JARROD:

Who, then-?

(SMALL BEAT)

ARISTIDES:

Let's just say - an old friend. Come on!

(FX: 3 x BOOTSTEPS AWAY)

SCENE 12: INT. ST. GART'S — NANOSURGERY

(FX: A BLEEP OF A HEART MONITOR. VERY SLOW)

ACE:

Doctor, we're losing him!

DOCTOR:

We are not losing him!

ACE:

Hex. Please. You've got to hang on.

DOCTOR:

(SNAPPING) You're in my light.

ACE:

Sorry.

DOCTOR:

There. His blood pressure is returning to normal.

(FX: THE HEART MONITOR STARTS TO SPEED UP)

ACE:

What's in the drip?

DOCTOR:

I'm trying to concentrate.

ACE:

(ANNOYED) Again: I'm sorry!

DOCTOR:

(SOFTENING) No. I'm sorry. It's an antibiotic solution.

ACE:

Is that all-?

DOCTOR:

To be precise, it's a serum containing nanoforms which will administer a series of antibiotics while I remove the musket ball.

ACE:

And then you'll be able to patch him up?

DOCTOR:

And then I'll be able to [patch him up —]

(FX: CLATTER FROM DOWN THE CORRIDOR OUTSIDE — A TROLLEY KNOCKED OVER)

ACE:
What was that?

DOCTOR:
Mice?

(FX: FROM OUTSIDE, DOOR BANGS SHUT)

DOCTOR:
Very big mice?

ACE:
Somebody's out there.

DOCTOR:
Possibly. Ace, could you...?

ACE:
On my way.

(FX: ACE MOVES TO THE DOOR)

ACE:
Doctor. You'll make it all right, won't you?

DOCTOR:
You have my word.

SCENE 13: EXT. ST GART'S CAR PARK (DAY)

(FX: JEEP SKIDDING TO HALT – ABOUT 10 SOLDIERS PILING OUT. CROSS TO:)

JARROD:

(WALKING UP) Here's Whiston's lot, Ma'am.

ARISTEDES:

(STOPPING) About time. Yes, someone's here. The doors have been forced. Life-signs, Sergeant?

(FX: TRACKER BEEPS)

JARROD:

Can't say, Ma'am. We've got radiation distort. Hospital, you see.

ARISTEDES:

Wonderful. (TURNING, ADDRESSING TROOPS) Alright, you men. This, as I'm sure you realise, is Saint Gart's Hospital. I want a full sweep – floor by floor. Comms channels open at all times.

JARROD:

Synch your B-A-N suits to the data-net. Face-recognition software has been updated with target physiognomy. Right – let's get those pulse rifles powered up, shall we?

(FX: AS A UNIT, THE SOLDIERS POWER UP THEIR WEAPONS WITH A CLUNK AND THEN A WHINE. THEY MAINTAIN A SUSTAINED HUM OF ENERGY)

ARISTEDES:

I don't have to remind you all, this is a Code: Lazarus. You know the drill. (BEAT) Move in!

(FX: MULTIPLE BOOTSTEPS AS THE SOLDIERS RUN INTO THE BUILDING)

SCENE 14: INT. ST. GART'S – CORRIDOR

(FX: WE'RE WITH THE PERSON WHO MADE THE NOISE IN THE CORRIDOR – HELEN. HER BREATHING FAST, SLIGHTLY RAGGED. SHE'S BEHIND A TROLLEY, HIDING FROM ACE, WHO'S ADVANCING SLOWLY ALONG THE EMPTY CORRIDOR)

ACE:

(OFF, GETTING CLOSER) I know you're there. Come on out, whoever you are!

You're not in trouble. I'm not supposed to be here either. Just looking after a mate. Maybe you can tell me what's going on.

Look, this is stupid. I know this building – this way's a dead end. So you might as well show yourself.

(FX: CLOSE TO NOW) Fact is, it's an empty corridor. You're either hiding behind the trolley on the left, or the trolley on the right. Eeny, meeny, miney –

(FX: HELEN SHOVES TROLLEY ASIDE – CLATTER)

HELEN:

(TERRIFIED) Stay away from me!

ACE:

Yeah, miney.

(FX: LASER SCALPEL THROBS INTO LIFE)

ACE:

Woah, calm down! I won't hurt you. Put that whatever-it-is down. Laser scalpel?

HELEN:

I said stay away!

(FX: LASER SCALPEL THROBS AS HELEN SLASHES OUT TOWARDS ACE, WHO JUMPS BACK)

ACE:

Okay, okay! I'm staying away. I just wanted to see who was out here, that's all.

HELEN:

Well, you've seen. Now get lost!

(FX: HUM OF SCALPEL)

ACE:

You want to be more careful with that. Friend of mine's got something a lot like it. Can cause a bit of damage if you don't know what you're doing.

HELEN:

I know exactly what I'm doing.

ACE:

That why you've got it facing the wrong way?

HELEN:

What?

(FX: ACE KNOCKS IT FROM HER HANDS. IT CLATTERS TO THE FLOOR AND DEACTIVATES)

ACE:

Right.

HELEN:

(PANICKED) Don't hurt me!

ACE:

Easy now. You look pretty beat up already.

HELEN:

You're one of them, aren't you? One of the soldiers.

ACE:

Soldiers?

HELEN:

They made everyone go away. (BECOMING TEARFUL) They made Sarah go away.

ACE:

Who's Sarah?

HELEN:

I loved her. I loved her and they made her go away!

ACE:

I'm not a soldier. I'm not even from round here. Well, I used to be. Sort of. Long story.

HELEN:

I won't let you take me too!

ACE:

Nobody's taking anybody anywhere. I just want to know what's happening here. I mean, look at the state of you.

HELEN:

There's nothing wrong with me.

ACE:

You don't look well. My friend, he's a doctor –

HELEN:

No! No doctors. They're working with them.

ACE:

Who?

HELEN:

(TERRIFIED) The soldiers. Making us... making people go away. They made Sarah go away. I'm not going to go away. I'm not!

SCENE 15: INT. ST. GART'S — NANOSURGERY

(FX: BLEEP OF THE HEART MONITOR. A MUSKET BALL CLATTERS ONTO A DISH. THE DOCTOR BREATHES OUT)

DOCTOR:

There, Mr Hex. That's got it. Now, lets see what the damage really is.

SCENE 16: INT. ST. GART'S — CORRIDOR

ACE:

What's your name?

HELEN:

I don't have to tell you anything.

ACE:

You're right. You don't. But I'd like you to. My name's Ace.

HELEN:

What kind of name is that?

ACE:

My kind of name.

HELEN:

It's not even a real name.

ACE:

(HESITATING) Dorothy. My name's Dorothy.

HELEN:

Dorothy?

ACE:

Yeah, great isn't it?

HELEN:

Sarah had an aunt Dorothy. She lived... she lived in Nottingham.

ACE:

Sorry, don't know Nottingham. What about you? You got a name?

HELEN:

Helen.

ACE:

Nice to meet you, Helen. Did you follow us in here? Me and my friends?

HELEN:

I'm not leaving. It's my patch.

ACE:

What, you've been living here?

HELEN:

They wanted me to go with them.

ACE:
The soldiers?

HELEN:
When they took Sarah. But I ran. I ran so far. She wasn't the same when they took her.

ACE:
What do you mean?

HELEN:
Something was wrong with her. Something was... (SHE DOUBLES OVER IN PAIN)

ACE:
Are you OK?

HELEN:
(RASP, OMINOUS) It hurts. It hurts so much. Why does it hurt?

SCENE 17: INT. ST. GART'S — STAIRWELL

(FX: FOOTSTEPS CREEP UP THE STAIRWELL. HUM OF A PULSE RIFLE. A COMMUNICATION TOGGLE IS PRESSED)

JARROD:
(INTO COMMS) Jarrod to Perseus.

ARISTEDES:
(D) Go ahead.

JARROD:
Two heat signatures on the fourth floor, Ma'am.

ARISTEDES:
(D) Are either of them [Contaminants-?]

JARROD:
(CUTTING OVER) One has elevated body temperature, but nothing like the target.

ARISTEDES:
(D) Proceed with caution. I'm en route to your position.

JARROD:
Ma'am? If we have a Code: Lazarus, shouldn't we notify [Base?]

ARISTEDES:
(D, CUTTING IN) The Director has been informed of the situation. He knows.

SCENE 18: INT. ST. GART'S – CORRIDOR

ACE:

How did you get in here, Helen? We thought the place was locked up.

HELEN:

(PAINED) It was. Shut down weeks ago. When it all started. They evacuated all the patients.

ACE:

Evacuated?

HELEN:

When they came for Sarah, I left everything behind. I thought I'd find something here to help. But everything's on shutdown. Sis is offline. My pass wouldn't work, I had to break a window.

ACE:

You work here?

HELEN:

Yeah, I'm a... I was a nurse. Before it all began.

ACE:

Before what began?

HELEN:

We didn't know what it was when they started to bring people in. Never seen anything like it.

ACE:

Helen, slow down. I haven't a clue what you're talking about.

HELEN:

How come you don't know? Where have you been?

ACE:

Told you, long story.

HELEN:

You are one of them, aren't you? They've sent you. You're going to make me go away.

ACE:

Helen, listen to me. I've told you, I'm not with them, whoever they are. I'm a [friend –]

(FX: DOOR BANGS OPEN, WHINE OF PULSE RIFLE POWERING UP)

JARROD:

(SLIGHTLY OFF) Stay exactly where you are!

ACE:
What...?

HELEN:
I knew it! I knew you were one of them!

SCENE 19: INT. ST. GART'S – NANOSURGERY

(FX: BEEP OF HEART MONITOR. THE DOCTOR WORKS ON HEX)

DOCTOR:

(CLOSE) Oh, Hex. What a mess this all is. I never meant for any of this to happen. When we met, when I realised who you were, I so wanted to take you with me. To make things right. But I fear I've only gone and made things worse. (FX: STEALTHY FOOTSTEPS OUT IN THE CORRIDOR) When you're well, you and I, we – We need to have a [talk –]

(FX: FOOTSTEPS STOP)

DOCTOR:

(CALLING OUT) Ace? Ace, is that you? This is no time to play the fool –

(FX: DOOR KICKED OPEN. PULSE RIFLE POWERS UP)

ARISTEDES:

Don't move.

DOCTOR:

Ah. A... Captain, is that right? I would like to oblige you, Captain, but I am rather busy. My friend is in great danger, you see –

ARISTEDES:

Move away from the table.

DOCTOR:

Well, which is it? Don't move, or move away? I'm happy to accommodate, but doing both would be highly challenging, even for me.

ARISTEDES:

Move away from the table – Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Away from the table, yes. (MOVING AWAY) Difficult to argue when there's a surprisingly sophisticated pulse weapon pointing at me.

ARISTEDES:

That's it. Nice and slow. We don't want any of your usual tricks. We have your TARDIS, and very soon we'll have your friends.

DOCTOR:

(THE PENNY DROPS, AS HE REALISES IT'S THE FORGE) You know who I am, then?

ARISTEDES:

Oh yes, Doctor. I know exactly who you are.

DOCTOR:

How disappointing. I do so like to maintain an air of mystery.

SCENE 20: INT. ST. GART'S — CORRIDOR

(FX: PULSE RIFLE HUMS WITH POWEER)

HELEN:
You lied to me!

ACE:
Helen, look where he's pointing his gun.

JARROD:
Names. Now!

HELEN:
They came back!

JARROD:
Answer the question! Who are you and what are you doing here?

ACE:
Give it a rest, Rambo. Can't you see she's sick?

JARROD:
Has she come into contact with a Contaminant?

ACE:
With a what?

JARROD:
Have you come into contact [with a Contaminant-?]

(FX: COMMUNICATOR BEEPS)

ARISTEDES:
(D) Jarrod, come in.

JARROD:
Receiving.

ARISTEDES:
(D) Target acquired. Have you found your heat signatures?

JARROD:
Affirmative. Two females.

ARISTEDES:
(D) Bring them in. Nanosurgery Five.

JARROD:
Acknowledged. (TO ACE) You heard. Let's move!

SCENE 21: INT. ST. GART'S — NANOSURGERY

(FX: BEEP OF THE HEART MONITOR)

DOCTOR:
I assume you're with the military.

ARISTEDES:
You're very observant.

DOCTOR:
Observant or nosey, it's a fine line.

ARISTEDES:
Do you ever shut up?

DOCTOR:
You wear no regimental insignia, so you're not the regular army. Then there's the advanced nature of your weaponry — that combat suit you're wearing, for example. It's a B-A-N suit, isn't it? Body Area Network. Very advanced. I've seen something like it before. But that was an entire lifetime ago.

ARISTEDES:
All you need know is that we're the special executive unit handling the present crisis.

DOCTOR:
Yes, yes, of course you are. For King and Country, isn't that what they say?

ARISTEDES:
They do indeed.

DOCTOR:
And this crisis you mention? Is that why London is deserted?

ARISTEDES:
No more questions.

DOCTOR:
Oh, you'll find I'm full of them.

SCENE 22: INT. ST. GART'S — CORRIDOR

ACE:

(PUSHED FORWARD, AT GUNPOINT) You can put the gun down, Sergeant.

JARROD:

Keep moving.

ACE:

What's wrong? You're not nervous, are you? Big strapping soldier like you, scared of a couple of women?

JARROD:

Everyone's a threat these days.

HELEN:

(CRIES OUT IN PAIN, DOUBLING OVER)

ACE:

Helen?

HELEN:

It's all right. I feel so weak, that's all.

ACE:

Can you walk?

HELEN:

Yeah. I'll be okay.

SCENE 23: INT. ST. GART'S — NANOSURGERY

(FX: BEEP OF HEART MONITOR)

ARISTEDES:

You've been operating on this man. Why?

DOCTOR:

I thought you said there were no more questions.

ARISTEDES:

(WARNING) Doctor.

DOCTOR:

He was shot. By a nasty little weapon. Primitive, but still deadly. I was trying to save his life, and I was at a rather delicate stage in proceedings. So if you'll excuse me...

(FX: DOORS OPEN. ACE AND HELEN ARE PUSHED IN)

JARROD:

Get in.

DOCTOR:

Ace, how nice of you to join us.

ACE:

Look what I found, Doctor. A moron with a gun. Oh, you've got one too.

ARISTEDES:

What did you say-?

DOCTOR:

No need to be rude, Ace.

ACE:

Hex, is he [alright-?]

DOCTOR:

Stable, but if the wound becomes infected...

HELEN:

(IN PAIN) I need to get away. We need to get away!

DOCTOR:

Who's your friend?

ACE:

This is Helen. She isn't very well.

DOCTOR:

So I see. Captain, do you have a medic with you?

ARISTEDES:

Jarrood, get the girl downstairs and scanned.

HELEN:

You're not taking me away. Not like Sarah!

JARROD:

Come on, let's calm it down and get [you -]

HELEN:

I said - you're not... (SAVAGE) ... *taking me!* (LASHES OUT SAVAGELY)

JARROD

(SWATTED ASIDE) (CRIES OUT)

(FX: JARROD CRASHES INTO THE OPERATING TABLE, KNOCKING THE DRIP FLYING. IMMEDIATELY THE HEART MONITOR STARTS GOING WILD. IT BEEPS FRANTICALLY THROUGH THE REST OF THE SCENE)

ACE:

Hex!

ARISTEDES:

Everyone stay where you are!

DOCTOR:

I need to reconnect the drip.

ARISTEDES:

You need to stand still! Jarrood, can you hear me?

ACE:

He's out cold. Helen, how did you [do that-?]

HELEN:

Stay away. I mean it. Stay! (HER VOICE CROAKS)

DOCTOR:

Helen, look at me. That's right. I need you to step away from my friend on the bed. That's it.

HELEN:

Doctor? I'm scared. We are scared.

DOCTOR:

I can see that. Look at me. That's right. It's going to be all right. Just move towards me. Here, give me your hand.

HELEN

(ANGRY, HARSH) No. Don't touch me! (A CHITTERING UNDERTONE MIXED IN) We... we must... must...

DOCTOR

(CURIOUS) Must? You must do what?

HELEN:

... must ...

(FX: HELEN CONVULSES VIOLENTLY, WORDS BECOMING A TERRIFYING SCREAM)

ACE:

What's happening to her?

(FX: HELEN'S SCREAM BECOMES A MANIC, INSECTOID CHITTERING. BONES CRUNCH, SKIN RIPS AND BURSTS)

ARISTIDES:

Get back. She's changing-!

DOCTOR:

Fascinating.

ACE:

Gross!

(FX: WHERE HELEN STOOD IS NOW AN INSECTOID CREATURE — A CONTAMINANT. IT CHITTERS AWAY TO ITSELF)

DOCTOR:

Chitinous exo-skeleton; mandibles; compound vision. Complete DNA subjugation!

ACE:

Why can't you just say she's turned into a dirty great insect?!?

(FX: PULSE RIFLE POWERS UP)

ARISTEDES:

Move aside, Doctor. I can't get a clear shot!

DOCTOR:

Helen, can you hear me? This is the Doctor.

(FX: CURIOUS CHITTERING)

DOCTOR:

We don't want to harm you. Really. We don't —

(FX: CHITTERING TURNS ANGRY, CONTAMINANT LUNGES AT THE DOCTOR. HE CRIES OUT IN PAIN AS HE COLLAPSES TO THE FLOOR WITH THE CONTAMINANT CHITTERING ANGRILY ON TOP OF HIM)

DOCTOR:

Please, listen to me – (SCRATCHED) Aow!!!

ACE:

Get off him!

DOCTOR:

Ace, no!

(FX: DOOR OPENS, TWO SOLDIERS RUN IN)

SOLDIER:

Ma'am!

ARISTEDES:

Nice timing, Matthews! Open fire!

(FX: REPEATED DISCHARGE OF PULSE RIFLES. THE CONTAMINANT SCREECHES IN PAIN AND IS EVENTUALLY SILENCED WITH A FINAL CHITTERING BREATH. WHINE OF PULSE RIFLES POWERING DOWN)

ACE:

Doctor?

DOCTOR:

(CONCEALING SCRATCH) Don't fuss, I'm unharmed. (TO ARISTIDES) Was it really necessary to kill that woman, Captain?

(FX: CALM FOOTSTEPS WALK INTO THE ROOM)

NIMROD:

You never cease to amaze me, Doctor. Destruction follows in your wake and yet you're always surprised when people start dying.

DOCTOR:

(DISGUSTED) I wondered when you'd come scuttling out of the woodwork.

NIMROD:

Doctor. It's been a long time.

ARISTEDES:

Sir William, there was no need for you to come. We had the situation under control –

NIMROD:

No doubt, Captain Aristedes. But when I heard the Doctor was in town...

DOCTOR:

Sir William?

ACE:

Do you know this bloke, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Unfortunately. Ace, allow me to introduce Dr William Abberton, or as he prefers to be known, Nimrod.

NIMROD:

It's been a long time since anyone called me that. Times have changed, Doctor. For me at least. (FX: THE HEART MONITOR FLATLINES) But I see you are being as careless as ever with your friends.

DOCTOR:

What?

ACE:

Doctor! Doctor, the heart monitor!

DOCTOR:

Oh no. Hex!

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

(NO REPRISE)

(MUSIC: OPENING THEME)

**SCENE 24: INT. ST. GART'S – NANOSURGERY (FLASHBACK)/INT.
CRICHTON BUILDING – MEDICAL BAY**

(FX: HEX'S SEMI-CONSCIOUS RECALL OF THE MOMENTS FOLLOWING ON FROM THE PART ONE CLIFFHANGER – AS IF WE'RE EAVESDROPPING INTO A NIGHTMARE. HEX IS CLOSE ON MIC, DOCTOR/ACE/FLATLINE ETC ARE DISTORTED, ALMOST MUFFLED)

(FX: FLATLINE CONTINUES, INCREASING IN VOLUME)

ACE:

(FX: DISTORTED) Doctor. Do something!

DOCTOR:

(FX: DISTORTED) I don't understand. Why is this happening-?

HEX:

Doctor? Is that you?

ACE:

(FX: DISTORTED) You said you'd fix this!

HEX:

Fix what-? Ace-? Where am I-?

DOCTOR:

(FX: DISTORTED) (DECISIVELY) It's the nanofoms, distorting the monitor trace. (FX: SONIC SCREWDRIVER) But if I shake them up a bit –

HEX:

Hey, Doctor, what are you doing? Doctor!!!

(FX: FLATLINE PEAKS – THEN CUT ALL NANOSURGERY FX. BEAT. SUDDENLY WE'RE IN A MEDICAL BAY OF THE FORGE HQ)

HEX:

(BREATHES IN DEEPLY, SUDDENLY AWAKE) Oh man. Hospital. (BEAT) But this – this isn't Saint Garts'!

(FX: MODULATION ON ORACLE AS *PROJECT: LAZARUS*)

ORACLE:

The patient has regained consciousness.

HEX:
Who are you?

ORACLE:
I am Oracle. Please remain calm while I assess your condition.

HEX:
Before you do what?

ORACLE:
Commencing bio-scan.

(FX: SHRILL BUZZ OF A SCAN)

HEX:
Hey, I like to know who I'm being scanned by.

ORACLE:
Your condition is stable. Blood pressure remains above normal.

HEX:
No wonder. Last thing I remember is being wheeled out of the TARDIS and then – then I wake up here, wherever here is. Space hospital, right? I told him, I don't want to be in some poncey space hospital –

ORACLE:
I have no frame of reference for the term 'space hospital'.

HEX:
Where am I, then? And where's the Doctor?

(FX: AN AUTOMATIC DOOR SWISHES OPEN. THE FORGE IS CLEAN AND AIRY AND MODERN, NOT THE GRUNGY SCI-FI MILITARY OF *PROJECT: LAZARUS*)

DOCTOR:
I think I can take it from here, Oracle.

ORACLE:
As you wish, Agent Lazarus.

DOCTOR:
I've told you before, don't call me that.

HEX:
... oh, and look who it isn't. What's going on?

DOCTOR:
It's good to see you too, Mr Hex. How are you feeling?

HEX:

Like I've had a night with the lads in the Rabbit.

DOCTOR:

That will be the sedatives. They'll soon wear off.

HEX:

How long have I been out?

DOCTOR:

A little over 24 hours. I wanted to make sure you were clear of any infection before we brought you around. I'm impressed. According to these readings you're in fine fettle.

HEX:

And the... bullet?

DOCTOR:

The musket ball? Removed. There were a few complications along the way, but you'll be fine now.

HEX:

This isn't St Gart's.

DOCTOR:

No. This is the Crichton Building.

HEX:

The what building?

DOCTOR:

Like I say, complications.

HEX:

Is Ace here?

DOCTOR:

Not exactly. (FX: PULLING UP CHAIR) Let me pull up a chair. This could take a while.

SCENE 25: INT. CHOPPER (IN FLIGHT)

(FX: FADE UP. WHUPP OF ROTORS ABOVE)

(NB: ALL CHARACTERS PROJECTING OVER NOISE OF ROTORS)

ARISTEDES:

Anything yet, Jarrod?

JARROD:

Nothing, Ma'am.

ARISTEDES:

Any trace of Contaminants?

JARROD:

Multiple readings. (BEAT) Hundreds.

ARISTEDES:

(SIGHING) Fantastic. Keep scanning and we'll make another sweep. See if we pick up anything.

ACE:

(FROM REAR) Yeah, let's waste some more time, shall we?

ARISTEDES:

(SIGHS) Once again, may I point out that you are an observer on this mission, Miss McShane.

ACE:

I told you, *Lysandra*, it's Ace.

ARISTEDES:

And I told you, it's Captain Aristedes.

ACE:

I don't get it. In the briefing you said that London has been evacuated. Anyone who's left behind is either dead or been turned into one of those insect things.

ARISTEDES:

The Contaminants. Correct.

ACE:

But you've got us out here searching for survivors.

ARISTEDES:

You'd rather we just left them to their own devices?

ACE:

No. It's just the scale of it. So many people.

ARISTEDES:

I know. And I... appreciate this is all new for you. But we've been living it for over a month now.

ACE:

And no sign of a cure.

ARISTEDES:

No.

ACE:

Good job the Doctor's on the case then, isn't it? If anyone can find a way out of this, it's him.

ARISTEDES:

(SARCASTIC) Oh, yes. How could I forget? We have the Doctor on the team now. That's just wonderful.

SCENE 26: TV NEWS REPORT/INT. CRICHTON BUILDING – MEDICAL BAY

REPORTER:

... [This afternoon,] the Home Secretary assured Parliament, currently in session in Harrogate, that the quarantine zone around the M25 remains secure, and that Sir William Abberton, head of Department C4, continues to lead the crisis taskforce.

NIMROD:

(TO TV REPORTER) Of course, this remains a dangerous situation, but Department C4 is doing everything in its power to tackle the infection. We have the finest minds and technological resources at our disposal, and I am confident that the populace will be returning to the streets of London within a matter of weeks.

(FX: CROSS TO MEDICAL BAY INTERIOR)

REPORTER:

(OVER SPEAKER) That interview was conducted a month ago. The C4 head is currently unavailable for comment, but we believe that Sir William remains at the Crichton Building [overlooking the River Thames, seen here in archive footage. But with reporting restrictions still in force, the question remains: what, exactly, is going on in the streets of the capital?]

DOCTOR:

And that's exactly where you're sitting now. Thank you, Oracle. We've seen enough.

ORACLE:

Complying.

(FX: SCREEN GOES DEAD)

HEX:

It's kind of hard to take in. Like something out of a zombie movie.

DOCTOR:

Unfortunately, fact is far more terrifying than fiction.

HEX:

And that's why we're here. To help this Department C4?

DOCTOR:

It goes against my better judgement, but I can't just walk away. Department C4 need my... need our help.

HEX:

But they're the same lot we met in 1945? The Forge?

DOCTOR:

The Forge, yes. Although it seems these days they've been subject to a rebranding. According to Nimrod, the Forge has become the public face of extra-terrestrial investigation.

HEX:

And people just accept that aliens are real?

DOCTOR:

These are exciting times, Mr Hex. There's just too much evidence for alien encounters to be swept under the carpet. 24 hour rolling news coverage. Camera phones. Social networking. It's too difficult to control. The human race has woken up and, shall we say, smelled the coffee. In the old days, an organisation like the Forge could hide in the shadows. But no longer.

HEX:

Not if they're appearing on the national news. What is it with that guy anyway?

DOCTOR:

Guy?

HEX:

Him on the telly. Abberton.

DOCTOR:

Nimrod. The biggest whitewash of all. Dispense with the polycarbide body armour, squeeze yourself into a Savile Row suit and receive a knighthood for services to King and Country. Spin doctors can do anything these days. They're explaining his condition as albinism.

HEX:

You're joking. He looks like death warmed up.

DOCTOR:

An apt phrase.

HEX:

So, what is up with him?

DOCTOR:

Ah... (HESITATING) You need to rest.

HEX:

No I don't. I feel fine.

DOCTOR:

That'll be the drugs. You know what comes next. Bed rest, plenty of fluids and call me in the morning.

HEX:

But I want to see Ace.

DOCTOR:

And she'll want to see you. As soon as she's back. But for now, try to relax. That's an order.

HEX:

How can I relax when I know what's going on out there?

DOCTOR:

(RISING FROM CHAIR) Trust me. You'll be up and causing trouble before you know it. But now, I'm afraid I have my rounds to attend to.

SCENE 27: INT. CHOPPER (IN FLIGHT)

JARROD:

Ma'am, I've got something.

ACE:

A human?

ARISTEDES:

He was talking to me. Go on, Jarrod.

JARROD:

The girl's right.

ACE:

Girl?

JARROD:

Scanner says it's definitely human. But very weak.

ARISTEDES:

Infected?

JARROD:

No way of knowing at this range.

ARISTEDES:

Where?

JARROD:

Here. Grid reference TQ345705. Penge.

ACE:

I used to know this lad in Penge. Bought me *Scoundrel Days* on cassette. Idiot. Always hated A-Ha.

JARROD:

Cassette?

ARISTEDES:

Don't worry, Sergeant, I've no idea what she's talking about either. Pilot, set us down on... (CHECKING) Penge High Street, corner of Green Lane.

SCENE 28: INT. DOCTOR'S LAB

(FX: DOOR SWISHES OPEN)

DOCTOR:

(ENTERING, CLAPPING HANDS TOGETHER) Oracle, let's get to work. Do we have we the results of the second round of [tests?] – (STOPPING SHORT) Oh, it's you.

NIMROD:

Doctor. Good morning.

DOCTOR:

Nimrod.

NIMROD:

Please, Doctor. As I told you, I no longer use that designation.

DOCTOR:

What are you doing in my lab? I have urgent work to attend to!

NIMROD:

(FX: FLAPPING PAPERS) Your preliminary report was, I'm afraid to say, disappointing.

DOCTOR:

Almost as disappointing as discovering that once again, your meddling has placed the entire human race in jeopardy?

NIMROD:

... Disappointing, and somewhat blank.

DOCTOR:

I shall present the results of my researches when I am ready!

NIMROD:

Doctor, you know that we are grateful for your assistance. The Prime Minister has personally [sent his thanks, but still –]

DOCTOR:

I'm not doing this for the Prime Minister. And I'm certainly not doing this for you. I'm doing it for the fifteen thousand poor souls already infected, and for everyone outside the quarantine zone. If just one of these creatures you've unleashed managed to break through the city's perimeter defences...

NIMROD:

Doctor, you do me a great wrong. The contamination was caused by a C4 scientist breaking proper quarantine procedures after a routine harvest of alien xenotech. A simple, human, error of judgement.

DOCTOR:

The error of judgement was putting a creature like you in a position of responsibility in the first place!

NIMROD:

Doctor, you can rant and rave as much as you want. No matter who's to blame, I need to put this right. Whatever you think of me, I've worked hard to reinvent the Department, to put the past behind us. Trust me, you're the last person I would choose to work with, but I'm a true believer in using what resources are available. At the moment you're the best resource I have.

DOCTOR:

Then may I suggest you let me get on with my job?

NIMROD:

(CALMING) Of course. I will be in my office if you need me.
(FX: DOOR SLIDES OPEN) Oh, Doctor — I forgot to ask. How is your young friend? Schofield, is it?

DOCTOR:

(WRONG FOOTED) He's... Ah... He's fine.

NIMROD:

Excellent. I'm so glad. (EXITS) (FX: DOOR SLIDES SHUT)

SCENE 29: INT. CHOPPER (LANDED)

(FX: CHOPPER HAS JUST LANDED, ROTOR BLADES SLOWING)

ARISTEDES:

OK, where are they, Sergeant?

(FX: TRACKER BEEP)

JARROD:

The signal's from the north east. Vital signs are very weak.

ACE:

Charity shop central. (FX: UNBUCKLING SELF) Well, what are we waiting for? Come on!

ARISTEDES:

I remember when I used to give the orders round here. Power up. And stay alert, there could be Contaminants anywhere.

(FX: SLIDES OPEN DOOR – 3 x BOOTSTEPS HITTING GROUND)

SCENE 30: INT. CRICHTON BUILDING – MEDICAL BAY

HEX:

(FX: TOSSING SHEETS ASIDE) Oh man, I can't just sit here-!

ORACLE:

May I be of assistance, Thomas Schofield?

HEX:

It's Hex, actually. And no, you're fine. I just can't stay in bed while I know Ace is out there with those... creatures.

ORACLE:

It is advisable that you remain here. Your course of drugs is nearly completed. However, the plasti-skin graft over your wound remains delicate. If it were to rupture, [then the -]

HEX:

Yeah, yeah. I know the patter. But I'll be careful. Promise. First sign of trouble, I'll be right back.

(FX: DOOR SWISHES OPEN)

NIMROD:

May I come in?

HEX:

(UNSURE) Er. Yeah. Course. It's your gaff after all.

NIMROD:

Yes. I suppose it is. I just wanted to make your acquaintance properly. When we first met you were indisposed. Sir William Abberton.

HEX:

Nice to meet you. I'm Hex.

NIMROD:

I know. An interesting name – Hex.

HEX:

A nickname, you know?

NIMROD:

I see. Is there anything we can do for you? Are you comfortable?

HEX:

I was just saying to Oracle that I could do with stretching me legs.

NIMROD:

Good idea. Some light exercise will help. Just don't wear yourself out. You've been through a lot.

HEX:

Sure. Don't worry. I'll take it easy.

NIMROD:

Of course, you're a nurse, aren't you?

HEX:

Yeah, the Doctor said, did he?

NIMROD:

It was in your file.

HEX:

My file?

NIMROD:

From St Garts. Sorry, it's the state of emergency. We have full access to everyone's records at present. It helps us track down possible survivors.

HEX:

I've just thought. What year is this?

NIMROD:

2026.

HEX:

I'll know people out there.

NIMROD:

From your time at St Garts.

HEX:

Yeah. I guess they'll have been evacuated, but still –

NIMROD:

Of course. Oracle, please assist Mr Schofield in finding out what happened to his friends.

ORACLE:

Yes, Director.

HEX:

Cheers. I appreciate it.

NIMROD:

My pleasure. Now if you'll excuse me, I have something to attend to. I look forward to getting to know you better, Mr Schofield.

(FX: THE DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS AS NIMROD LEAVES)

HEX:

Definitely no albino.

ORACLE:

How may I be of assistance?

HEX:

Oh right, yeah. Let's try Mark first. Doctor Mark Mathias.

SCENE 31: EXT. STREET

(FX: BUZZING FLIES)

ACE:

This is just *wrong*.

(FX: COMMS CHANNEL OPENS)

DOCTOR:

(D) Captain Aristedes, hello? (STATIC) Are we on? Come in, please.

ARISTEDES:

That's all I need. Receiving you, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

(D) Oracle informs me you are tracking human life signs.

ARISTEDES:

Yes, weak signals in the South East London area. But we've found something else.

DOCTOR:

(D) I'm sorry, I'm getting some sort of buzzing –

ACE:

That's the something else. You're not going to like it, Professor.

DOCTOR:

Ace?

ACE:

Bodies, Doctor. Human bodies. They've been...

DOCTOR:

(D) They've been eaten.

ACE:

You knew?

ARISTEDES:

We've found examples like this before.

ACE:

(INDIGNANT) Oh, brilliant. You could have told me.

DOCTOR:

(D) I'm sorry, Ace. Captain, are the corpses like the ones you found in Chelsea?

ARISTEDES:

And Hammersmith, Camden and Wandsworth. Yes. It's difficult to tell, but I'd assume they were elderly.

ACE:

But I thought if you came into contact with a Contaminant you were infected. Why is this different?

DOCTOR:

(D) I'll explain later.

ACE:

Oh no. You're not pulling that one. You can explain now.

ARISTEDES:

He doesn't need to. Whenever we've found people like this, they've been old, infirm or...

ACE:

Or what?

ARISTEDES:

Think about it. All people who...

ACE:

... who wouldn't survive the metamorphosis. I get it.

DOCTOR:

(D) Captain, I realise this isn't pleasant, but could you bring the remains back to the Crichton Building, please? I may be able to extract saliva samples.

(FX: JARROD'S TRACKER BEEPS)

JARROD:

It's the signal, Ma'am. Whoever it is, they're on the move.

ARISTEDES:

Perhaps we'll be able to bring you back more than just a corpse, Doctor. Aristedes out. (FX: STATIC OFF) Let's go!

(FX: 3 x BOOTSTEPS MOVING AWAY AT SPEED. SWITCH POV. A CONTAMINANT WATCHES, HIDDEN. IT CHITTERS QUIETLY)

SCENE 32: INT. DOCTOR'S LAB

DOCTOR:

Oracle, while we wait for the harvest team, let's... (SUDDENLY SUCKS AIR IN THROUGH HIS TEETH AS IF IN PAIN)

ORACLE:

Doctor?

DOCTOR:

It's nothing. I grazed my hand earlier. It's just a bit sore, that all.

ORACLE:

Perhaps you should apply some ointment.

DOCTOR:

Oracle, please. We're in the middle of a crisis. The last thing I need is you clucking around me like an old mother hen. –

(FX: DOOR OPENS)

HEX:

(ENTERING) Hey.

DOCTOR:

Hex, what are you doing up? I told you to stay in bed!

HEX:

It's Mark. Mark Matthias, from St Gart's? Sir William let me look up records of my mates from the hospital..

DOCTOR:

Nimrod? He talked to you?

HEX:

He's turned into one of those things, Doctor. Mark was infected.

SCENE 33: EXT. STREET

(FX: TRACKER BEEPING URGENTLY. 3 x RUNNING FEET)

JARROD:

(RUNNING) We should be right on top of them.

ARISTEDES:

(TO HALT) I can't see anyone.

ACE:

I can. There!

MAN:

(OFF) Please. Don't hurt me.

ACE:

He's infected all right.

ARISTEDES:

How long has he got? Jarrod?

(FX: TRACKER BLEEP)

JARROD:

His core temperature's at 41 degrees.

ACE:

And-?

ARISTEDES:

He's too far gone. (FX: POWERS UP WEAPON) Take aim.

MAN:

P-please!

ACE:

("WHAAAT?") Lysandra-?!?

ARISTEDES:

You heard me!

ACE:

Yeah, but -

JARROD:

Wait! We've got company!

(FX: CONTAMINANTS CHITTERING OFF, SHUFFLING FORWARD)

ACE:

Contaminants at four o'clock!

JARROD:
Eight o'clock!

ARISTEDES:
Eleven!

ACE:
This gets better and better –

JARROD:
Orders! Captain!

ARISTEDES:
Just – take the best shot you've got!

(FX: CONTAMINANTS STOP, CHITTERING CURIOUSLY)

ACE:
(CURIOUS) No – wait!

ARISTEDES:
(COUNTERMANDED AGAIN) Don't you ever stop-?

ACE:
They're not attacking.

JARROD:
They're – watching?

ACE:
No. They're waiting.

ARISTEDES:
What for? Christmas?

MAN:
(OFF) Please. It hurts. Really hurts –

ACE:
For him.

MAN:
(STAGGERING FORWARD) P-please...!

JARROD:
He's infected. He's going to change –

ARISTEDES:
(DECISIVELY) Ace, stand back!

ACE:
You're not still going to do this?!?

ARISTEDES:
The creatures surrounding us, that's what he'll turn into.
You've already seen it happen!

ACE:
You can't!

MAN:
Please. Don't. I - we... (SCREAMS AS HE STARTS TO TRANSFORM)

(FX: TRANSFORMATION AS BEFORE. THE CONTAMINANTS BECOME
AGITATED)

JARROD:
There he goes!

ARISTEDES:
(TO ACE) Told you. (TO JARROD) Fire.

(FX: 2 X CRACKLING ELECTRONIC CHARGES. MAN'S SCREAM CUT SHORT,
BODY SLAMMED AGAINST THE WALL)

ACE:
He was still human!

(FX: ANGRY CHITTERING. THE CONTAMINANTS SCUTTLE FORWARD)

JARROD:
Ma'am, the Contaminants - they're moving!

ARISTEDES:
Why is it they're all stirred up, then?

ACE:
I -

ARISTEDES:
Just this once, don't argue! Fire!

(FX: PULSE RIFLES BLAZE, CONTAMINANTS SCREECH)

SCENE 34: INT. DOCTOR'S LAB

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry about your friend, Hex.

HEX:

I know it's been a while, like – but he was a mate, you know? I thought that one day I'd come back, and we'd go for a drink down the Rabbit like we always did. Won't happen now. (BEAT) Doctor, I want to help.

DOCTOR:

(GENTLY) And I want you to rest.

HEX:

Can't always have it your way, Doctor. (HARD) Show me what you've got.

SCENE 35: INT. CHOPPER (TAKING OFF/IN FLIGHT)

(FX: LIFTING OFF GROUND. STATIC BUZZ)

ARISTEDES:

(INTO COMMS) Pegasus One to base. ETA ten minutes.

ACE:

That it then? Back to the Crichton Building in time for tea?

JARROD:

Sounds like a plan.

ARISTEDES:

(TO ACE) Nothing else we can do.

ACE:

You reckon?

ARISTEDES:

I don't know if you noticed, but we did well to get out of there alive!

ACE:

We should have tried harder to bring him back. Tranged him before he changed. The Doctor could have tried [to -]

ARISTEDES:

I am sure your beloved Doctor can do a lot of things, but I have my orders.

ACE:

Take them out? All guns blazing? Some orders.

ARISTEDES:

Once they change, there's no going back. Our pulse rifles will incapacitate them for a few minutes, but that's it. Bullets are next to useless against that exo-skeleton. But if we catch them mid-transformation, then -

ACE:

Oh, don't call it a mercy killing.

ARISTEDES:

Merciless on them, yes. A mercy to the rest of us, so they won't go on to infect anyone else. And if your Doctor has any better ideas, good luck to him!

SCENE 36: INT. DOCTOR'S LAB

DOCTOR:

Oracle, display parasite record 18/04/26.

ORACLE:

Complying.

(FX: SCREEN FLARES ON)

DOCTOR:

Now, I found this in infected blood yesterday.

HEX:

What are they? Looks like fish eggs.

DOCTOR:

Very good. And on a microscopic level. But they don't contain fish.

HEX:

What's in them?

DOCTOR:

Display parasite record 19/04/26.

ORACLE:

Complying.

HEX:

That's horrible. Some kind of beetle?

DOCTOR:

Of a kind. My guess is that when someone is bitten or scratched by a Contaminant, the eggs are passed into the victim's bloodstream.

HEX:

And when they hatch...

DOCTOR:

They swarm through the veins, attacking every organ in the body, subjugating the host's DNA, triggering the metamorphosis.

HEX:

That's gross.

DOCTOR:

A gross simplification, but in essence that's what happening. Before transformation the individual's body temperature rockets as their DNA is re-written. Fever off the scale. No wonder they're disorientated. Every cell in their body is under attack.

HEX:

What can we do?

DOCTOR:

I need a live human subject.

HEX:

Someone who's been infected?

DOCTOR:

Yes. I'm thinking if we can somehow lower their temperature before the metamorphosis occurs..

HEX:

You could stabilise them. Keep them from changing.

DOCTOR:

Exactly. Then I'll be able to study these parasites in a human host.

HEX:

What about a simple antipyretic shot to keep their temperature down?

DOCTOR:

Exactly what I was thinking, Mr... (SUDDENLY SEEMS DAZED)... Mr Hex.

HEX:

Are you OK Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Just a headache, Hex. That's all.

HEX:

A headache? You?

DOCTOR:

It's been a very long, and very frustrating, couple of days.

HEX:

You need some shut-eye, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

What I need is for Captain Aristedes to get back with those samples –

ORACLE:

(INTERRUPTING) Doctor, Pegasus One has returned to base.

DOCTOR:

Perfect timing!

HEX:

What – Ace is back?

DOCTOR:

Yes, Hex. Ace is back. And I'm sure she'll be delighted to see you.

SCENE 37: EXT. ROOFTOP HELIPAD

(FX: THE ROTOR OF THE HELICOPTER IS WHIRRING DOWN. DOOR SLIDES OPEN. ACE'S BOOTS HIT TARMAC, TROTS FORWARD)

ARISTEDES:

(DISEMBARKING, CALLING AFTER ACE) Ace. Wait up.

ACE:

(STOPPING, TURNING BACK) It's okay, Lysandra. I don't need another lecture. I get it. You're following orders.

ARISTEDES:

I don't enjoy this. None of us do. But I've been with C4 for most of my career. You toughen up.

NIMROD:

(FROM OFF, WALKING FORWARD TO MEET THEM) Captain. Welcome back. Was your mission a success?

ARISTEDES:

No survivors, sir. We did encounter a subject in the mid-stage of transformation. Neutralised as per standing orders.

NIMROD:

That is unfortunate.

ARISTEDES:

There was nothing that could be done.

NIMROD:

No-one's blaming you, Captain.

(FX: A DOOR OPENS. HEX AND THE DOCTOR APPROACH)

HEX:

Ace!

ACE:

Hex. You're a sight for sore eyes. Come here!

(SHE GRABS HIM INTO A BEAR HUG)

DOCTOR:

I told you she'd be pleased to see you.

HEX:

Woah. Yeah, it's good to see you too, but not so tight eh? Shoulder's still a bit dodgy.

ACE:

Sorry, didn't think.

HEX:

You okay? Has something happened?

ACE:

I don't want to talk about it. Not in present company.

HEX:

OK. Shall we go back to the lab?

ACE:

Yeah, good idea. Coming, Professor?

DOCTOR:

I'll follow on. I want to have a word with Nimrod.

ACE:

Good luck with that. (FX: ACE AND HEX EXIT)

NIMROD:

(TO ARISTEDES) Captain, prepare your report and then meet me in my office in thirty minutes.

ARISTEDES:

Yes, sir. Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Captain.

(FX: ARISTEDES LEAVES)

DOCTOR:

Captain Aristedes doesn't like me, does she?

NIMROD:

(ASIDE) With good reason.

DOCTOR:

I beg your pardon?

NIMROD:

What can I do for you, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

You know, don't you?

NIMROD:

Know what? I've never been one for riddles, you'll have to enlighten me.

DOCTOR:

You know about Hex.

SCENE 38: INT. DOCTOR'S LAB

ACE:

You're really feeling all right? Your shoulder not giving you jip?

HEX:

It's sound, more or less. What can I say? 21st century medicine. It's the best.

ACE:

Yeah right. I'm beginning to wish the Doctor had taken you to a space hospital.

HEX:

Is it really that bad out there?

ACE:

Believe it. Just seeing London so empty, it's... (SHRUGS)

HEX:

Must be weird.

ACE:

And that's not the half of it. Those creatures.

HEX:

Oracle showed me. They look vicious.

ACE:

They're twice as bad in the flesh. Oh, why did the TARDIS drop us into the middle of all of this?

HEX:

Who knows why the TARDIS does anything?

ACE:

I know we can't just leave. I get that. The Doctor has to help.

HEX:

It's like Scutari. I couldn't just walk away from that place. It's the same here.

ACE:

Yeah, but they didn't shoot the patients in Scutari.

SCENE 39: EXT. ROOFTOP HELIPAD

NIMROD:

Doctor, I have no idea what you're talking about.

DOCTOR:

I'm trying not to insult your intelligence here. Please don't insult mine.

NIMROD:

I understand. Then, yes, I know exactly who Thomas Hector Schofield is.

DOCTOR:

Listen to me, Nimrod, and listen well. Stay away from him.

NIMROD:

Really, whatever do you think I'm going to do to him?

DOCTOR:

I know you, I see through the respectable veneer you've encased yourself in. I meant what I said earlier. I will help, but there are conditions.

NIMROD:

I know. You made that abundantly clear when you agreed to lend your assistance. Your TARDIS is off limits..

DOCTOR:

And so is Hex.

NIMROD:

I have absolutely no interest in the boy. While I'm surprised you brought him here..

DOCTOR:

I had no choice. He was dying.

NIMROD:

And we helped nurse him back to health. Another of your conditions – which we met.

DOCTOR:

Just remember what I said. I don't want to see you even looking at him. If he were to – (STOPS HIMSELF SAYING 'FIND OUT')

NIMROD:

If he were to what?

DOCTOR:

Nothing. It's not important.

NIMROD:

He doesn't know, does he? He has no idea what his connection to this place is.

DOCTOR:

Don't be ridiculous.

NIMROD:

No wonder you don't want him to talk to me. (LAUGHS) Oh Doctor, what a tangled web you weave...

DOCTOR:

I'm warning you, Nimrod.

NIMROD:

That's something I've never seen before, that look in your eyes. Fear. Terrified that everything is going to come crashing around you. Doctor, I believe you're even sweating.

DOCTOR:

I need to get back to the lab.

NIMROD:

Don't worry, your little secret is safe with me. Now, let's see if we can get some results, shall we?

SCENE 40: INT. DOCTOR'S LAB

HEX:

They shot him? Just like that?

ACE:

Yeah. Lysandra tried to tell me that she was just following orders, but...

HEX:

And the Doctor's all right with us working with these people?

ACE:

He thinks it's a necessary evil, I suppose.

HEX:

That doesn't sound like him. None of this does. I mean, the last time I saw sick people being mown down, it was the Daleks doing the shooting. Now it's us?

ACE:

C'mon, Hex. It's not that bad. (BEAT) Is it?

HEX:

Think about it. Every time we've got ourselves mixed up with these people – the Forge, or whatever they're calling themselves – it's been bad news. And now we're here working with them. It's not sitting well, Ace.

ACE:

Gotta say, that Nimrod guy gives me the creeps. I know him and the Professor have some kind of history, but every time I mention it, the Doctor just clams up.

HEX:

Well, that's not unusual, is it?

ACE:

Not like this. There's something else going on.

HEX:

Perhaps we should ask him when he gets back? The Doctor, I mean.

ACE:

Yeah, that'll work. You know the Doctor, always so open and sharing. –

(FX: DOOR OPENS)

HEX:

Well, now's your chance.

DOCTOR:

(ENTERING, A BIT LABORIOUSLY) You're here. Both of you. Good.

ACE:

Doctor? You look dreadful.

DOCTOR:

Ace. I want you to take Hex to the TARDIS. Immediately.

HEX:

Eh?

ACE:

Back up, Doctor. You tried that trick on Bliss. It didn't work then, and it won't work now. Besides, where are you going to be in all of this?

DOCTOR:

I'm staying here. And you're taking Hex with you.

HEX:

Do I get a say in this?

ACE & DOCTOR:

(TOGETHER) No.

HEX:

Charming.

ACE:

Doctor, what's up? Really?

DOCTOR:

(IRRITABLE) Nothing is 'up'! (CALMER) I just want you to be safe. That's all I've ever wanted. Please. Just do as I ask, before —

ACE:

... before what? (LONG PAUSE, EXPECTING A RESPONSE THAT NEVER COMES) Well? Answer me!

DOCTOR:

I need you to — (SUDDENLY PAINED AGAIN) ... to ...

HEX:

C'mon, Ace. Cool it. The Doctor's not well, you can see it.

DOCTOR:

(UNCONVINCLY) I'm quite alright —

HEX:

(CHECKING HIM) Hey, you're not. You're burning up!

DOCTOR:

(GRITTED TEETH) Things are progressing a little faster than I expected.

(FX: AN ALARM SOUNDS)

HEX:

What's that? Oracle?

ORACLE:

Alert. Contaminant trace detected in the Crichton Building.

ACE:

Where?!?

DOCTOR:

Oracle, as soon as Ace and Hex leave the lab, commence quarantine lockdown.

HEX:

Oracle? The lady asked you a question!

ORACLE:

The signal is located in this laboratory.

ACE:

Doctor-?!?

DOCTOR:

As soon as she scratched me, I knew.

HEX:

As soon as who scratched you?

ACE:

Helen.

HEX:

Who's Helen?

DOCTOR:

I needed a test subject. With no live specimens, I was left with little choice.

ACE:

I don't understand. It takes weeks to incubate, doesn't it? Not 24 hours!

DOCTOR:

I may have – (GASPS IN PAIN) – moved things along, a bit.

HEX:

You what?

ACE:

You idiot! What have you done to yourself?

DOCTOR:

There was no time to lose!

(FX: DOOR SLIDES OPEN)

NIMROD:

(ENTERING) Oh Doctor. It's just one secret after another, isn't it?

ORACLE:

(TO NIMROD) The Doctor's adrenaline levels have risen dramatically, and his body temperature has increased by several degrees.

DOCTOR:

(IN ACUTE PAIN) I just need to concentrate. I need to control it! Ace, Hex – please, go!

HEX:

We told you, we're not leaving!

DOCTOR:

You don't understand. I'm infected. I'm in the first stages of transformation. Get out. Get out now!

END OF PART TWO

PART THREE

(NO REPRISE)

(MUSIC: OPENING THEME)

SCENE 41: INT. CRICHTON BUILDING – CORRIDOR

(FX: FOOTSTEPS TO HALT)

HEX:
Morning, Oracle.

ORACLE:
Good morning. Commencing DNA sequencing scan.

(FX: SCAN SWEEPS OVER HEX. BLEEP)

ORACLE:
You are Thomas Hector Schofield. Access to isolation cell granted.

(FX: SEALED DOOR CLUNKS OPEN)

HEX:
Cheers, Oracle.

(FX: HEX WALKS THROUGH, INTO:)

SCENE 42: INT. ISOLATION CELL

(FX: MORE STERILE, ECHOEY ATMOS. HEX FOOTSTEPS STOP)

ORACLE:
Resealing isolation cell.

(FX: DOOR CLUNKS SHUT)

HEX:
Hey there, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
(CONTROLLED AND CONCENTRATING THROUGHOUT SCENE) Good morning,
Mr Hex. Or is it evening? One loses track of time in here.

HEX:
It's morning. You gave us a big shock yesterday. How you
feeling?

DOCTOR:
In control.

HEX:
Honestly?

DOCTOR:
As in control as I can be.

HEX:
Oracle?

ORACLE:
The Doctor's condition has stabilised. Scans indicate that his
body is on the brink of triggering the final metamorphic state.

HEX:
And the infection?

DOCTOR:
Held at bay. For now.

HEX:
How?

DOCTOR:
Extreme concentration, Mr Hex. Extreme... concentration.

SCENE 43: INT. CHOPPER (IN FLIGHT)

(FX: WHUPP OF ROTORS, ABOVE)

JARROD:

Target identified, ma'am. Landing in one minute.

ARISTEDES:

Acknowledged, Sergeant.

ACE:

(FROM BEHIND) Remind me why we're back in Penge? No survivors, remember.

ARISTEDES:

Change of orders.

SCENE 44: INT. ISOLATION CELL

HEX:

That can't be right.

DOCTOR:

Problem?

HEX:

Not if you were human. Your temperature's only thirty-seven point five degrees.

DOCTOR:

(SNAPPING) But I'm not human!

HEX:

Okay. Calm down.

DOCTOR:

That's exactly what I'm trying to do. (CONCENTRATING) Calm... down.

HEX:

Okay, I'll leave you be.

DOCTOR:

Thank you, Mr Hex.

HEX:

Oracle will give me a shout if anything changes. We'll get you through this, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Hex?

HEX:

Yeah?

DOCTOR:

I'm... sorry.

HEX:

Not your fault you got infected. We're going to fight it, though.

DOCTOR:

You don't understand. There are things you need to know.

HEX:

Yeah. Sir William wants your notes.

DOCTOR:
Notes?

HEX:
About that cure you were working on? I told him, you wouldn't have made any notes.

DOCTOR:
The cure. Yes. I need to work on the cure. (RETREATING INTO HIS MEMORIES, REMEMBERING HEX'S MUM) I will come back for you.

HEX:
Come back? Are you going somewhere?

DOCTOR:
(QUIET, SAD) That's what I told her... That's what I promised...

ORACLE:
The Doctor's temperature is rising. Forty-two point seven degrees.

DOCTOR:
... but time has a habit of running away from one ...

ORACLE:
Forty-two point four degrees.

HEX:
Extreme concentration, yeah?

DOCTOR:
Tommy ...

HEX:
What?

DOCTOR:
(CORRECTING SELF) Hex. Of course. Hex. Must... concentrate.

ORACLE:
Thirty-nine point seven degrees.

HEX:
That's it. Nice and calm. (ASIDE) Oracle?

(FX: DOOR CLUNKS OPEN. HEX WALKS THROUGH)

DOCTOR:
Nice ... and calm.

SCENE 45: INT. CRICHTON BUILDING – CORRIDOR

(FX: DOOR CLUNKS SHUT)

ORACLE:
Isolation cell sealed.

HEX:
Thanks, [Oracle –]

NIMROD:
Good morning, Mr Schofield.

HEX:
(STARTLED) Whoah! Oh, man, you didn't half give us a fright –

NIMROD:
I apologise. "Man."

HEX:
Sir William, yeah. Look, the Doctor needs rest, I'd sooner you didn't –

NIMROD:
I didn't come to see the Doctor. I came to see you.

HEX:
Right, yeah. What about?

NIMROD:
We will shortly be taking delivery of some... livestock. I need you to check the containment bays. Make sure that they're ready.

HEX:
Ready for what?

NIMROD:
Oracle can answer any questions you may have. Thank you, Mr Schofield.

HEX:
Okay. I'll, er – get to it. (EXITS)

NIMROD:
(SOTTO, AS HEX RETREATS) Little Tommy. Heh. (BEAT) Oracle, open the isolation cell door.

ORACLE:
Confirmed.

(FX: DOOR CLUNKS OPEN)

SCENE 46: EXT. STREET — PENGE

(FX: TRACKER)

JARROD:

(BRISK WALK) This way, multiple contacts.

ARISTEDES:

(BRISK WALK) Contaminants. Stay alert.

ACE:

(BRISK WALK) Yeah, and we're heading straight for them. Why the bug-hunt?

ARISTEDES:

(BRISK WALK) Just following orders.

ACE:

(BRISK WALK) I'm not stupid. (STOPPING)

ARISTEDES:

(STOPPED — DITTO JARROD) What is it now?

ACE:

We land right on top of a nest, carrying two whopping containment units. We're bringing them in, aren't we?

ARISTEDES:

Sir William wants live subjects.

ACE:

For what?

ARISTEDES:

I didn't ask.

ACE:

Why take them back to the Crichton Building? It's the last place in London that's secure.

ARISTEDES:

It was. Until the Doctor got himself infected.

ACE:

He's a special case.

ARISTEDES:

Don't we know it...

(FX: TRACKER BLEEPING CRAZILY)

JARROD (INTERRUPTING):

Ma'am, we're right on top of them.

ARISTEDES:

Power up. (FX: ALL THREE POWER UP PULSE RIFLES) This could get sticky.

SCENE 47: INT. ISOLATION CELL

ORACLE:

Temperature now thirty-four degrees.

NIMROD:

Doctor. I have to say, I'm impressed.

DOCTOR:

(CONCENTRATING THROUGHOUT) Nimrod. I am... rather busy, you know...

NIMROD:

Keeping your temperature down by sheer force of will. Phenomenal. What's more, Oracle's bio-scan indicates your body is trying to repair the damage the infestation is causing, even as the parasites surge through your system.

DOCTOR:

Yes. I need to concentrate.

NIMROD:

Of course, as soon as I found out you were infected, I should have had you neutralised. Or, at the very least, ejected from this building.

DOCTOR:

I appreciate the special treatment.

NIMROD:

But you are special, Doctor. Vital, in fact.

DOCTOR:

Why don't I like the sound of that?

NIMROD:

Oracle has been performing brain scans for the last couple of hours. The third lobe has slowed to the point of vegetation but here – your equivalent of the epiphysis cerebri...

DOCTOR:

The third eye.

NIMROD:

The source of psychic activity. Ignoring the fact that yours is twice the size of a human's, its activity has increased exponentially over the last sixty minutes.

DOCTOR:

Has it.

NIMROD:

You're talking to them, aren't you? You're communicating with the Contaminants.

SCENE 48: EXT. STREET — PENGE

(FX: 3 x PULSE RIFLES FIRING. CONTAMINANTS SCREAMING)

ACE:
This is crazy!

ARISTEDES:
Keep firing!

(FX: CONTAMINANT CHITTERS UP CLOSE)

JARROD:
Ace, look out!

(FX: PULSE RIFLE FIRES, CONTAMINANT SHRIEKS)

ACE:
Thanks.

ARISTEDES:
Reckon they've got the message. They're falling back.

ACE:
Yeah, but how long for?

ARISTEDES:
Jarrod, get Whiston's lot down here with tazers. We're going to have to herd them through to the containment units.

JARROD:
Roger that!

SCENE 49: INT. CONTAINMENT BAYS

(FX: HEX'S VOICE ECHOES IN THE VAST CHAMBER. LOCKS SLIDE SHUT, ELECTRONIC HUM OF POWER)

HEX:

These bays look pretty secure to me, Oracle. Doesn't take a genius to work out what's going in them, though.

ORACLE:

That information is classified.

HEX:

Yeah, who am I to question orders?

ORACLE:

You are Thomas Hector Schofield.

HEX:

You're dead funny, you are. Answer me this, then – why's Sir William sent me down here? Any idiot could have done this. (BEAT; TO SELF) Any idiot, yeah. He wanted me out of the way, didn't he? (TO ORACLE) Open the doors, Oracle. I'm going back to the Doctor. (NO RESPONSE) Doors!

ORACLE:

I am not authorised to allow you access into the main building at the present time.

HEX:

What's his game, your Sir William?

ORACLE:

I do not understand the question.

HEX:

No, I don't suppose you do. (TO SELF) Idiot!

SCENE 50: INT. ISOLATION CELL

NIMROD:

... But this is a wonderful opportunity, Doctor! A conduit to communicate with the alien hive mind. To observe. To study –

DOCTOR:

To butcher.

NIMROD:

To win. (BEAT) Why are they doing this? Doctor?

ORACLE:

Temperature: fifty-four point six degrees.

NIMROD:

Answer me!

DOCTOR:

Every second the strength of the hive mind increases. Even now... it calls to me... (GASPS)

NIMROD:

What does it say?

DOCTOR:

I – I can't help you. Not this time.

NIMROD:

You seem to think you have a choice!

(FX: THERE IS A SCUFFLE AS NIMROD PICKS THE DOCTOR UP AND SLAMS HIM AGAINST THE WALL)

DOCTOR:

(CHOKED) Nimrod... please...

NIMROD:

It wasn't easy, Doctor, rebuilding the Department piece by piece after the devastation you caused.

DOCTOR:

(CHOKED) Devastation?

NIMROD:

I was disgraced. We were a joke, enemies in every corner. Whitehall. The Hague. Even your friends at UNIT. But I raised Department C4 from the ashes of the Forge. I brought us out of the shadows, stepped into the glare of public life. Asking for help from the man who so nearly destroyed my life's work... sickens me!

ORACLE:

Warning: temperature sixty-seven degrees.

DOCTOR:

(CHOKED) Nimrod-!!!

SCENE 51: EXT. STREET — PENGE

(FX: CONTAMINANTS ARE HERDED INTO THE CONTAINMENT UNIT, HELPED ALONG BY TAZER PRODS. CONTAMINANTS CHITTER ANGRILY WHEN PRODDED)

ARISTEDES:

(ALOUD) That's right, keep them moving, into Containment —
(CALLING) No need to be gentle about it, Matthews! It's a tazer, not a tickling stick!

ACE:

Yeah, perhaps he knows he's using it on someone's Dad? Or Mum, it's kind of hard of hard to tell.

ARISTEDES:

Cattle, that's all. Right — two dozen, that'll do. (CALLING OUT) Secure the units!

JARROD:

(OFF) You heard the Captain!

(FX: FROM OFF, ELECTRONIC CLUNK AND WHINE OF HYDRAULICS AS THE CONTAINER CLOSES)

ACE:

Yeah, what about the rest of them?

ARISTEDES:

Get back to the chopper, "McShane". (CALLING OFF) You men — lower tazers and fall back!

(FX: RETREATING BOOTSTEPS THROUGH:)

ACE:

Are you nuts? Hold the line, there'll be a surge —

ARISTEDES:

Well, obviously. (CALLING OFF) Sergeant — in your own time.

JARROD:

(OFF) Ready pulse rifles!

(FX: PULSE RIFLES CHARGING UP. MOANING CONTAMINANTS)

ACE:

What are you doing? You've got them penned in, there's no need for a massacre—!

ARISTEDES:

Try and stop me.

(FX: CROSS A FEW FEET TO:)

JARROD:

Take 'em in turn. Nice and steady –

ACE:

(RUNNING UP FROM OFF) Jarrod, no! What if there's a cure?

JARROD:

Orders is orders. (TO TROOPS) On my command – Ace, get out of the way.

ACE:

We've got what we came for. We get in, we get out – that's all!

ARISTEDES:

(COMING OVER) Sergeant, arrest her-!

ACE:

Just you try it-!

JARROD:

Orders. Sorry –

(FX: MENACING CHITTERS AS CONTAMINANTS SHIFFLE FORWARD)

ACE:

Listen to them! They know what you're planning! Don't you get it – they're intelligent!!!

JARROD:

I – Captain-?

(FX: CHITTERING. A CONTAMINANT BREAKS FREE)

ACE:

Jarrood, look out!

JARROD

(SCREAMS AS HE'S ATTACKED)

(FX: CONTAMINANTS SURGE FORWARD EN MASSE)

ARISTEDES:

They're moving!

ACE:

Jarrood, take my hand-!

ARISTEDES:

That's enough! Everybody out!

ACE:

JARROD!!!!!!

SCENE 52: INT. ISOLATION CELL

NIMROD:

(STILL CHOKING DOCTOR) I'm not asking for help any longer, alien. Tell me what the Contaminants want, and how they can be destroyed!

ORACLE:

Seventy-one point nine degrees.

DOCTOR:

(CHOKED, STRUGGLING) Nimrod – listen! I'm warning you-!

(FX: NIMROD RELEASES THE DOCTOR WHO SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR, COUGHING)

DOCTOR:

Thank you –

ORACLE:

Sixty-nine point eight degrees.

NIMROD:

Why are they attacking us?

DOCTOR:

It's a hive mind, Nimrod. Ask them, not me!

NIMROD:

Very well. (HARD) Why are you attacking us? ... Well?

DOCTOR:

(ALLOWING THE HIVE MIND TO SPEAK THROUGH HIM) I... We are not attacking you...

NIMROD:

Go on.

DOCTOR:

(HIVE MIND SPEAKING) The Doctor had a house once. In the garden there was a pond. One summer, there was a weed. The weed spread, choking all other life.

NIMROD:

It... took over the native environment?

DOCTOR:

It... became the native environment.

NIMROD:

No plan? No strategy?

DOCTOR:

(SHUTTING HIVE MIND OUT, BECOMING HIMSELF AGAIN) It... just... won.
(EXHALES) And I'm back in the room.

NIMROD:

These Contaminants are acting on – what, instinct?

DOCTOR:

For them, it's survival. Planet after planet, world after world. Alien environments become their environment. And they're very good at it.

NIMROD:

(QUOTING DOCTOR) 'It... just... won'?

DOCTOR:

Exactly.

NIMROD:

(ANGRY, MAD) But I win, Doctor. Always. I – win!!!

SCENE 53: EXT. STREET — PENGE

(FX: OFF, HELICOPTER ROTOR BLADES STARTING UP)

ACE:

(STRUGGLING, DRAGGED ALONG) Get off me, Lysandra-!

ARISTEDES:

(HOLDING HER) No. You're coming back with me —

JARROD:

(OFF, STAGGERING AFTER THEM) Help me! Please!

ACE:

It's Jarrod! He's still alive! Lysandra!!!

ARISTEDES:

I'll pull you by your hair if I have to!

ACE:

He's one of your own!

JARROD:

(OFF, PLEADING) Please! Wait!

(FX: WE'RE BESIDE THE CHOPPER NOW. ARISTEDES DRAGS ACE INTO:)

SCENE 54: INT. CHOPPER (ON GROUND, PREPARING TO TAKE OFF)

(FX: CHOPPER DOOR SLIDES OPEN)

ARISTEDES:

Matthews, hold her!

ACE:

(BUNDLED ABOARD) You can't just leave him!

ARISTEDES:

I'm not planning to.

(FX: CHARGING UP PULSE RIFLE)

ACE:

You can't-!

ARISTEDES:

I have my orders.

ACE:

Do your orders include shooting your own men?

JARROD:

(RUN-STUMBLING UP OUTSIDE) I'm coming! Please! Wait!!!

ACE:

Lysandra-!!!

ARISTEDES:

He knows the rules! There's nothing I can do!

ACE:

Then do nothing-!

JARROD:

Please-!!!

ARISTEDES:

(MAKING A DECISION) Goodbye, Jarrod. It's been an honour. (FX: SLAMS CHOPPER DOOR SHUT) Let's move out, people!

ACE:

You're abandoning him?

ARISTEDES:

That's what you wanted, wasn't it?

ACE:

You'd just turn your back on a friend?

ARISTEDES:

I wouldn't turn my back on your Doctor, that's for sure.

ACE:

What does that mean?

ARISTEDES:

Just - buckle up.

(FX: AS THE CHOPPER LIFTS OFF, CROSS TO:)

SCENE 55: EXT. STREET - PENGE

(FX: CONTAMINANTS CHITTERING, SURGING FORWARD, TOWARDS JARROD)

JARROD:

Don't go! Don't leave me! Don't!!!

SCENE 56: INT. CONTAINMENT BAYS

ORACLE:

Opening access to Containment Bays.

HEX:

(GETTING UP) Oh, at last. Now I get to give your Nimrod a piece of my [mind -] (STOPPING SHORT AT SIGHT OF NIMROD) Oh, and speak of the devil -

NIMROD:

(AT DOOR) Mr Schofield. Is something the matter-?

HEX:

I'll say -

NIMROD:

Yes, I expect you will. Come with me. (FX: WALKS AWAY)

HEX:

You can't just walk off! Oi!

(CONTINUES INTO:)

SCENE 57: INT. CORRIDOR

(FX: CROSS TO: NIMROD WALKING, HEX RUNNING UP)

HEX:

(RUNNING UP) ... I need to talk to you!

NIMROD:

(WALKING) Talk, then. You can walk and talk at the same time, can't you?

HEX:

(WALKING) Is that a dig, like?

NIMROD:

(WALKING) (HOW TIRESOME) No. Talk!

HEX:

(WALKING) Hang about. Where are we going?

NIMROD:

(STOPPING) Here.

HEX:

Here's... what? Bank vault?

NIMROD:

In the manner of speaking. Oracle, open the Archive.

ORACLE:

Complying.

(FX: HUGE HYDRAULIC DOORS CLUNK AND OPEN WITH A HISS OF GAS. THEY STEP THROUGH...)

SCENE 58: INT. ARCHIVE

(FX: ... AND WALK INTO A MASSIVE, ECHOEY CHAMBER)

HEX:

(WALKING) The Archive, huh?

NIMROD:

(WALKING) The most comprehensive collection of xenotech on the planet.

(FX: DOOR SEALS SHUT BEHIND)

HEX:

(WALKING) Right...

NIMROD:

(WALKING) This is only the uppermost level.

HEX:

(WALKING) What, there's more of it?

NIMROD:

(WALKING) Much more. (STOPPING) But we shan't be wearing out any shoe leather today. Oracle, I require access to the dead man's chamber.

ORACLE:

Commencing DNA sequencing scan.

(FX: NIMROD BEING SCANNED, THROUGH:)

HEX:

The what?

NIMROD:

The panic room from a Tressillian space yacht, originally. But I use it as a kind of safe.

(FX: SCAN ENDS)

ORACLE:

Access granted.

(FX: A HEAVY DOOR OPENS)

NIMROD:

(WALKING THROUGH) Case-hardened dynastream reinforced with Dalekanium. Not even an army of Cybermen could break through. But you know all about Cybermen, don't you?

HEX:

I guess...

NIMROD:

Oh, we've got you on file, Mr Schofield. Somewhere down here there's a dossier written in 1917, concerning a research project at Charnage Hospital – and a certain troublesome nurse, with a Liverpool accent...?

HEX:

Shouldn't believe everything you read, mate.

NIMROD:

And you shouldn't underestimate my knowledge, Mr Schofield. Now, then –

(FX: A METALLIC SCRAPE AS NIMROD PULLS A BOX FROM AN ALCOVE IN THE WALL AND OPENS IT)

HEX:

What d'you need the chrome-plated crash helmet for?

NIMROD:

This? It's a particularly powerful psionic amplifier. Discovered in a cave in the Mountains of Mourne National Park.

HEX:

Psionic [amplifier –] (REALISATION) You're not gonna use it on the Doctor!

NIMROD:

It should help stabilise his link to the Contaminants' hive mind.

HEX:

Will it hurt him?

NIMROD:

I have no idea.

HEX:

Then no way are you using it on him. This stops, now. I want the Doctor released into my care.

NIMROD:

You're going to stop me? How exactly will you do that?

HEX

(THINKING ON HIS FEET) UNIT. The Doctor, he's got mates in UNIT. I could go to them. Tell them what's really going on here.

NIMROD:

Mr Schofield – believe me, you have no idea what's really going on here. But you battle on in the dark, blinded by your faith in the Doctor. (BEAT) Why is it you travel with him?

HEX:

What kind of question's that?

NIMROD:

Out there, among the stars with the Doctor. Such a long way from home... little Tommy.

HEX:

Don't call me that. No-one calls me that!

NIMROD:

Your mother did.

SCENE 59: EXT. ROOFTOP HELIPAD

(FX: ROTOR BLADES SLOWING. BOOTS RUNNING DOWN THE RAMPS)

ARISTEDES:

Get the Containment Units unloaded! I need to report in.

(FX: SHE BEGINS TO WALK. ACE CATCHES UP WITH HER)

ACE:

Oh no you don't.

ARISTEDES:

Now what?

ACE:

I don't get you, Lysandra. You're not a bad person. I can see that, despite the hard act. But you're so cold, so angry.

ARISTEDES:

Just doing my job.

ACE:

I don't buy that. There's something else going on. You've never liked me being around.

ARISTEDES:

You're a civilian.

ACE:

I've seen enough action.

ARISTEDES:

I bet the Doctor has seen to that.

ACE:

It's the Doctor, isn't it? He's your problem.

ARISTEDES:

Ace, leave it.

SCENE 60: INT. ARCHIVE

HEX:

Me mam? What are you talking about? She's got nothing to do with you.

NIMROD:

Yes – the Doctor's never told you, has he?

HEX:

The Doctor, what?

NIMROD:

Oracle – wallscreen, please.

ORACLE:

Activating.

(FX: WHOOSH!)

NIMROD:

Display personnel file. Codename: Artemis.

(FX: INFORMATION FLARES DOWN A WALLSCREEN)

HEX:

Oh my God. That's...

ORACLE:

Cassandra Hope Schofield. Born 7th April 1981, Royal Bolton Hospital.

HEX:

Mam.

ORACLE:

Only son: Thomas Hector Schofield. Born 12th October 1998, also at Royal Bolton Hospital.

NIMROD

She left the child in the care of her mother, Hilda Schofield, two years later. Your grandmother.

HEX:

How – how do you know all this?

NIMROD:

Cassandra Schofield. My best agent. Resourceful. Loyal.

HEX:

(DISBELIEVING) She worked for you?

ORACLE:

Cassandra Hope Schofield reported missing: 23rd August 2001, London.

NIMROD:

Of course, she wasn't missing at all.

HEX:

They said – I thought – she was [dead –]

ORACLE:

Status: Deceased.

(LONG PAUSE)

HEX:

(WHISPERED) Me mam.

NIMROD

(MOCK SINCERE – ENJOYING HIMSELF. ONE MORE REVENGE AGAINST THE DOCTOR) I'm so sorry, Mr Schofield. Hex. That you should find out this way.

(BEAT)

HEX:

The Doctor. What's this got to do with the Doctor?

SCENE 61: INT. CORRIDOR

(FX: DOOR OPENS, ARISTEDES AND ACE WALK THROUGH)

ACE:

(WALKING) Why do you hate the Doctor so much, Lysandra?

ARISTEDES:

(WALKING) I told you to leave it!

ACE:

(WALKING) I want to know!

ARISTEDES:

(WALKING) There's nothing to tell.

ACE:

(WALKING) Yeah, right. Course there isn't.

(FX: ARISTEDES STOPS AND TURNS TO ACE)

ARISTEDES:

All right. I despise your precious Doctor because he murdered my friends!

SCENE 62: INT. ARCHIVE

HEX:

I want to know!!!

NIMROD:

It was your mother's last mission. She became ... (BEAT) ... involved with the Doctor. People who get involved with the Doctor have a habit of getting hurt.

HEX:

Tell me about it.

NIMROD:

Cassandra – Cassie – was like the daughter I never had. Oh, I blame myself. I should have recalled her to base, but...

HEX:

How long have you known?

NIMROD:

From the moment you arrived. The medical scan confirmed your identity. The Doctor begged me not to reveal the truth, to stay away from you.

HEX:

(ANGUISHED) Why?

NIMROD:

The Doctor is an alien. He's not like you or I. (BEAT) But this was all such a long time ago. Perhaps the past is better left alone.

HEX:

I – I don't want to hear any more of this. (WALKING) Oracle, let me out!

NIMROD:

(CALLING AFTER HIM) Mr Schofield. Hex!

HEX:

(EXITING) Leave it!

(FX: ARCHIVE DOOR OPENS, OFF)

(BEAT)

NIMROD:

(TO SELF) Oh dear. I hope I haven't said anything the Doctor will regret.

SCENE 63: INT. CORRIDOR

ACE:

The Doctor's not a murderer, Lysandra.

ARISTEDES:

I can show you reports, security footage, enquiry transcripts. It wasn't enough to just shut the Forge down. He initiated the Hades Protocol in our primary facility on Dartmoor. There were more than a hundred people still inside.

ACE:

Hades Protocol?

ARISTEDES:

A failsafe. If the Forge was compromised, the facility would be shut down and everyone on the wrong side of the door would be eradicated in a firestorm. All the xenotech, all the specimens, all the people. Of course, the Doctor got out.

ACE:

And Abberton?

ARISTEDES:

He always has an escape route.

ACE:

But – you weren't there?

ARISTEDES:

I was on secondment to ICIS. Hated it at the time, but it saved my life. I was a Sergeant back then, just like Jarrod.

ACE:

The Doctor's never said anything.

ARISTEDES:

Just so much collateral damage to an alien crusader.

ACE:

The Doctor isn't like that!

ARISTEDES:

No? Ask yourself, Ace – just how much human blood does your Doctor have on his hands?

SCENE 64: INT. ARCHIVE/INT. CORRIDOR

NIMROD:

Oracle, give me security camera feed, isolation room access corridor.

ORACLE:

Complying.

(FX: SCREEN FLARES ON. VIA SCREEN, HEX'S FOOTSTEPS RUSHING DOWN CORRIDOR)

NIMROD:

And so the pupil runs to the master..

HEX:

(D) (RUSHING TO HALT) Oracle, I want to see the Doctor. (BEAT)
Did you hear me, Oracle? I want to see the Doctor!

NIMROD:

Oracle, allow Mr Schofield access to the Isolation Room.

ORACLE:

(D) Complying.

NIMROD:

This should be interesting.

SCENE 65: INT. ISOLATION CELL

(FX: DOOR CLUNKS OPEN. HEX STEPS THROUGH)

(BEAT)

ORACLE:
Resealing Isolation Cell.

(FX: DOOR CLUNKS SHUT)

DOCTOR:
Hex? Is that [you-?]

HEX:
Yeah. It's me.

DOCTOR:
I can feel their mind in my mind, digging deeper and deeper –

HEX:
Why, Doctor?

DOCTOR:
It's their way. The Contaminants. I can't – can't hold on...

HEX:
Why didn't you tell me you knew me Mam? That you were there when she – when she died? Cos I don't mind telling you, Doctor, I'm having a real hard time working this one out!

(BEAT. NO ANSWER)

HEX:
Well, say something-!

DOCTOR:
(THE HIVE MIND ASSERTING ITSELF) Your mam? Yes. Hex. The Doctor knew your mam.

HEX:
What are you talking like that for? This isn't a game! (BEAT)
Hang on, does Ace know? I bet you've had a good laugh about it, you and Ace!

DOCTOR:
The Doctor is... losing control...

HEX:
Is that why you came to St Garts, all those years ago? Were you looking for me?

DOCTOR:

No. The Doctor – (HUGE EFFORT, REASSERTING CONTROL) ... I was looking for Cybermen. Meeting you was... an accident. A happy accident.

HEX:

A car crash, more like.

DOCTOR:

What... what else has Nimrod told you?

HEX:

Not a lot, just that she worked for him.

DOCTOR:

And did he tell you how she died?

HEX:

No. He... just said you were involved.

DOCTOR:

But did he tell you what she was?

HEX:

Yeah, an agent. The best, he said. The daughter he never had.

DOCTOR

(SUDDENLY ANGRY) The daughter he... The daughter he never... (HE CRIES OUT IN AGONY)

HEX:

Oh, pack it in, will you?!?

DOCTOR:

Hex. You have to help me.

HEX:

Me? Help you? Right.

DOCTOR:

Please. I need to get back to the TARDIS. Once I'm there, I can... stabilise myself. Find... some kind of cure, perhaps –

HEX:

Oh, you are unbelievable, you are.

DOCTOR

(SUDDENLY REALISING) A cure... (BEAT) A cure. That's right, Hex. A cure. Cassie's cure. Of course!

HEX:

No, you're just messing with my head. Playing your games. Sir William was right!

DOCTOR:

Hex, I promise I will explain. But not here. It's not safe.

HEX:

Not safe for you, you mean.

DOCTOR:

Not safe for anyone. Nimrod is using your mother... using her to drive a wedge between us. In order to break me, he's broken your heart.

HEX:

Oh, please. Spare me!

DOCTOR:

I was a fool to think this would work. I'll find a way of stopping this plague, but not here. I need to be in the TARDIS.

HEX:

What about Ace?

DOCTOR:

Ace can look after herself.

HEX:

And I can't, I suppose?

DOCTOR:

Please, Hex. I need *you* to look after *me*.

HEX:

I can't believe I'm still listening to you, let alone — (BEAT) Oracle? Let us out. —

(FX: CROSS TO:)

SCENE 66: INT. ARCHIVE

HEX:

(D, VIA SCREEN) ... Oracle!

NIMROD:

Oracle, allow the Doctor and Mr Schofield to leave the building.

ORACLE:

(D) Complying.

(FX: OVER SCREEN, DOOR CLUNKS OPEN)

SCENE 67: INT. CORRIDOR

(FX: FADE UP. ACE WALKING BRISKLY, CALLING OUT)

ACE:
Hex! Hex!!!

ARISTEDES:
(RUNNING UP BEHIND) Ace, stop. We need to talk.

ACE:
(STOPPING) I'm done with talking to you. I need to talk to Hex.

ARISTEDES:
You're good, Ace. If it weren't for him – if it weren't for the Doctor...

ACE:
(CALLING OUT) Hex!!!

ARISTEDES:
... if he wasn't there in your head, twisting your priorities, changing your values...

ACE:
Shut up, Lysandra!

ARISTEDES:
... you could do good here. With us. Facing down anything. Protecting your own.

ACE:
You want me to join you-?

ARISTEDES:
If the B-A-N suit fits... why not?

ACE:
Oh, I can't be dealing with this right now. (ALOUD) Oracle, where's Hex?

ORACLE:
Thomas Hector Schofield has left the building.

ACE:
Where's he gone?

ORACLE:
Destination unknown.

ACE:
Then I want to see the Doctor.

ORACLE:

The Doctor has left the building.

ARISTEDES:

He's what?!?

(FX: COMMS CHANNEL OPENS)

NIMROD:

(D, OVER COMMS) Director to Captain Aristedes. I need you at the eastern exit. Now!

SCENE 68: INT. SUV (IN MOTION)

DOCTOR:
(WEAK) Please... Hex... hurry.

HEX:
(DRIVING) I'm going as fast as I can!

(FX: GEARS CRUNCH)

HEX:
So where did you meet her then? Me Mam?

DOCTOR:
Now is not the time.

HEX:
You want me to carry on helping, you carry on talking.

DOCTOR:
She was working as a waitress...

HEX:
In a cocktail bar?

DOCTOR:
In a casino.

HEX:
A casino? What's that got to do with the Forge?

DOCTOR:
Hex, I need to concentrate. (GASPS IN PAIN)

HEX:
OK, OK, we're nearly there. -

(FX: THEY SCREECH AROUND A CORNER)

SCENE 69: INT. CRICHTON BUILDING – EASTERN EXIT

(FX: ACE & ARISTEDES RUN UP)

ARISTEDES:
What's going on, Sir?

NIMROD:
Schofield and the Doctor have gone for a little spin in one of the SUVs.

ACE:
Well, where are they going?

NIMROD:
Back to St Gart's, I would presume.

ACE:
No, not St Gart's. The TARDIS!

ARISTEDES:
He's trying to escape?

NIMROD:
No, but I can't guarantee they'll be coming back. I gave the Doctor enough rope, now I need to make sure he doesn't hang himself. You're with me, Aristedes.

ARISTEDES:
Sir?

NIMROD:
It's been a while since I've been on a field mission. (THEY TURN TO LEAVE, BUT –)

ACE:
Hold up. I'm coming with you.

ARISTEDES:
(DID ACE MEAN-?) With us?

ACE:
Yeah. With you.

NIMROD:
(AMUSED) As you wish, Miss McShane.

ARISTEDES:
Come on.

(FX: ALL RUSH OUT OF SCENE...)

SCENE 70: INT. TARDIS

(FX: DOORS OPEN. TV MOVIE CONTROL ROOM FX)

HEX:

(HELPING DOCTOR IN) 'kay. Here we are.

DOCTOR:

(A BIT BREATHLESS) Thank you, Hex. The doors, if you would-?

HEX:

Sure. (FX: DOOR CONTROL; DOORS CLOSE) Can the TARDIS help you hold back the transformation?

DOCTOR:

A little, but... all the time, I can feel myself weakening...

HEX:

Better get on with it then. Cure?

DOCTOR:

Ah, yes. The cure. Filing cabinets, next to the library.

HEX:

(WALKING TO CABINETS – GOING OFF-MIC) What about them?

DOCTOR:

Look under T.

HEX:

(OFF) T?

DOCTOR:

T for 'Twilight'. Just do it.

HEX:

(OFF) Okay...

(FX: OPENS CABINETS, OFF)

DOCTOR:

There'll be a phial in there. Bring it over to me.

HEX:

(OFF) (FX: ROOTING AROUND) A phial. Right. – This it?

DOCTOR:

Bring it here.

HEX:

(APPROACHING FROM OFF) What is it? Some kind of drug?

DOCTOR:

Yes. I made it for your mother.

HEX:

What – she was sick?

DOCTOR:

In a way. She was given a... condition. The phial, please –

HEX:

Just a minute. What d'you mean, 'given'? Not by Sir William?

DOCTOR:

Not directly.

HEX:

And, what – you were trying to cure her?

DOCTOR:

I tried. But I failed.

HEX:

And that's why she died?

DOCTOR:

No. Nimrod killed her. Shot her down where she stood because she was trying to help me.

HEX:

No. No. Sir William said...

DOCTOR:

He lied, Hex. There was just enough truth in there to make you believe him.

HEX:

The cure. What was it for?

DOCTOR:

(ANGRY, FRUSTRATED) We don't have time for this!

HEX

(ANGRIER, EVEN MORE FRUSTRATED) What was it for!?!?

SCENE 71: EXT. ROAD BESIDE TARDIS

(FX: THE SUV PULLS UP. DOORS OPEN. ACE, ARISTEDES & NIMROD JUMP OUT)

NIMROD:

My, my – whatever has he done to his TARDIS? Why is it white?

ACE:

Now's not the time. Come on. –

ARISTEDES:

(FX: CLATTER AS SHE PASSES PULSE RIFLE) Ace, here you go.

ACE:

A pulse rifle? Thought I was a civilian.

ARISTEDES:

Contaminants aren't choosy. Stay alert.

NIMROD:

(WALKING OVER TO TARDIS) Now then, Miss McShane – the key?

ACE:

Ah.

ARISTEDES:

Well, how are we going to get in?

(FX: DOORS OPEN, HEX STUMBLES OUT)

NIMROD:

Problem solved.

HEX:

(DISTRAUGHT, SHOUTING BACK TO DOCTOR) [You're lying! ...] It's all lies!

NIMROD:

Mr Schofield.

ACE:

Hex!

HEX:

Ace? What are you doing with [him-]? (CLOCKING WHAT SHE'S HOLDING) You've got a gun!

NIMROD:

The Doctor is inside, I take it?

HEX:

Yeah. You're welcome to him. You two were made for each other.

ACE:

What's happened? Hex-?

HEX:

The Doctor just – just told me that –

DOCTOR:

(FX: STEPPING OUT OF TARDIS, SLIGHTLY OFF) I told him the truth. That his mother was a vampire. (FX: CLOSSES TARDIS DOOR)

ACE:

But that's crazy.

HEX:

Tell him that!

ACE:

Ignore him. He's totally lost it.

DOCTOR:

(APPROACHING) Maybe. But nonetheless, I am telling the truth. The phial, please, Hex.

NIMROD:

Ah. The Doctor's famous Twilight cure.

HEX:

You want it too?

NIMROD:

Ask yourself, Mr Schofield – who do you trust?

HEX:

I don't trust neither of you! (BEAT) In fact – why don't you just fight it out amongst yourselves?

DOCTOR:

(REALISING THAT HEX IS ABOUT TO TOSS PHIAL IN THE AIR) No, Hex!

HEX:

Catch. (EFFORT, TOSSES PHIAL UP)

NIMROD:

Out of the way-!

ACE:

(BARGED, WINDED)

NIMROD:

(CATCHES PHIAL, EFFORT) (EXHALES) Thank you, Mr Schofield.

DOCTOR:
Get away from him, Nimrod.

HEX:
That's what all this was about, wasn't it? Getting hold of that phial.

NIMROD:
In a word – yes. But at least I spared you the facts of your mother's true nature.

HEX:
Come off it. Vampires are just stories!

NIMROD:
Oh, we're real enough.

HEX:
You what?

ARISTEDES:
Sir, this isn't helping.

ACE:
But it's daylight.

NIMROD:
I expected more of you, Miss McShane. Will you be returning with us to the Crichton Building? Or must I order Captain Aristedes to shoot you where you stand?

ARISTEDES:
W-what?

NIMROD:
Well, my hands are full. (TO ACE) Lower your weapon, Miss McShane.

ACE:
Lysandra-?

NIMROD:
Oh, just kill her, Aristedes!

ARISTEDES:
(HEFTING RIFLE) Yes. Sir –

ACE:
(TO ARISTEDES) Just orders, right?

ARISTEDES:

Sorry, Ace. Just orders – (GRABBED BY HEX) Ah!

HEX:

(WRESTLING RIFLE OFF ARISTEDES) I'll take that –

NIMROD:

Really, Aristedes. Bested by a mere boy. There was a day you would have snapped him in two. You must be getting old.

(FX: HEX'S PULSE RIFLE POWERS UP)

DOCTOR:

Hex, guns aren't the answer.

ACE:

Yeah, Hex. Put it down.

HEX:

So it's OK for you to play soldier, but not me.

ACE:

You've never fired a gun in your life.

HEX:

You hadn't either, before you met him. It's the Doctor, isn't it? He changes us. Makes us what he needs us to be. Well, right now this is who *I* need to be.

NIMROD:

What exactly is it you want, Mr Schofield?

HEX:

Is it true? You killed my Mam?

NIMROD:

Well, she was a traitor. (LAUGHING) Oh, poor little Tommy, the agony on your face. Are you really going to shoot me?

DOCTOR:

Hex... listen to me. This isn't the way. If you do this, then Nimrod has corrupted you just like he tried to corrupt your mother. But she fought him. She was strong. So are you.

HEX:

Save it, Doctor. It's too late!

DOCTOR:

(STEPPING IN FRONT OF NIMROD) It's never too late.

HEX:

What are you doing? Get out of my way!

ACE:
Cool it, Hex!

HEX:
You know what, Ace? I can't believe I used to like you. (TO DOCTOR) I'm warning you, Doctor – stand aside!

(FX: UNDER THE ABOVE LINE, A GROUP OF CONTAMINANTS ARE APPROACHING, CHITTERING)

NIMROD:
This is a fascinating exchange, but you might want to hurry it up. We're not alone.

DOCTOR:
Contaminants.

ARISTEDES:
That's all we need! Ace, give me your gun!

HEX:
I'm not mucking about, Doctor. If I have to shoot you to get to him, I will!

(FX: CONTAMINANTS MOVE CLOSER)

ACE:
Hex, don't do this! We can talk!

HEX:
No more talking! Out of the way, Doctor!

DOCTOR:
Please, Hex, you must listen –

HEX:
I said, out of the way!

ACE:
Hex, no!

(FX: A PULSE RIFLE FIRES. THE DOCTOR CRIES OUT)

END OF PART THREE

PART FOUR

(NO REPRISE)

(MUSIC: OPENING THEME)

SCENE 72: INT. CRICHTON BUILDING – MEDICAL BAY

(FX: RHYTHMIC HISSING OF A VENTILATOR. DOOR OPENS)

ARISTEDES:
Still here?

ACE:
Was I supposed to be somewhere else?

ARISTEDES:
It's been three days. You've barely slept.

ACE:
I'll be alright.

ARISTEDES:
No change, then?

ACE:
No.

ARISTEDES:
Never seen anything like it. No discernible heartbeat. No sign of brain activity. How do you know he's even alive?

ACE:
I know.

ARISTDES:
Ace, get some rest. The Doctor wouldn't want you [to –]

ACE:
(ANGRILY) How do you know what the Doctor would want? Bet you're glad he's in a coma. Got your revenge now, haven't you?

ARISTEDES:
Right. Okay. (EXITING) I'll be in Central Ops if you need me. –

ACE:

Lysandra, I'm [sorry -] (FX: TOO LATE, DOOR SHUTS) Nice one, Ace. (FX: FEW SECONDS OF SILENCE PUNCTUATED BUY THE VENTILATOR) What do I do now, Doctor? Hate seeing you like this, surrounded by tubes and machines. You can't die just because some idiot shot you. Some idiot like me.

(FX: QUICK CUT TO:)

SCENE 73: PARTIAL FLASHBACK: EXT. ROAD BESIDE TARDIS

(FX: FROM END OF PART THREE:)

HEX:

I said, out of the way!

ACE:

Hex, no!

(FX: A PULSE RIFLE FIRES. THE DOCTOR CRIES OUT...)

(FX: CONTINUE BY FLASHING FORWARD TO SC. 77:)

(FX: ... AND CRASHES TO THE GROUND. BEAT)

HEX:

Ace... what have you done?

(FX: QUICK CUT BACK TO:)

SCENE 74: INT. CRICHTON BUILDING – MEDICAL BAY

ACE:

You saw Hex. He could have done anything. I thought if I wounded you, took you out of the equation, then... (BEAT) I really messed up this time, didn't I?

(FX: MONITOR BEEPS A DOUBLE HEARTBEAT. THEN AGAIN)

Hang about, was that –

(FX: ... AND AGAIN. CONTINUES THROUGH:)

Doctor?!?

DOCTOR:

(FLUTTERING BACK TO LIFE, EXHALING) Messed up, Ace? On the contrary.

ACE:

Doctor!!!

DOCTOR:

Now. (HARD) Where's Hex?

SCENE 75: INT. WHITE RABBIT PUB

(FX: SPLINTER OF WOOD AS HEX FORCES THE DOOR. HE CLOSES IT AS BEST HE CAN, THEN WALKS ACROSS THE BAR, BROKEN GLASS CRUNCHING UNDERFOOT)

HEX:

Pint please. (BEAT) On the house? Cheers. (FX: SCRAPE OF EMPTY GLASS) What's that? Yeah, I'm here down the Rabbit all the time. Every Friday with the lads, wouldn't miss it. Cheers, boys!

(BEAT; TO SELF) Oh, what's the use? –

(THEN, WITH A CRY OF RAGE...)

(FX: ... HE SMASHES THE GLASS AGAINST THE WALL. BEAT)

I really messed up this time, didn't I? –

(FX: A FLOORBOARD CREAKS, OFF)

(ALoud) Someone there?

(BEAT)

Yeah, I can see youse, hidin' behind the fruit machine. I'm warning you, I'm not in the mood for games.

JARROD:

(SLIGHTLY OFF) (RAGGED) Schofield. Is that... Schofield?

HEX:

Yeah. Sorry, mate, I don't – [recognise you.]

JARROD:

You don't know me. But I know you. I'm Jarrod. Sergeant Jarrod.

SCENE 76: INT. CRICHTON BUILDING – MEDICAL BAY

ACE:

So you're not angry with me?

DOCTOR:

Shooting me in the shoulder was the best thing you could have done. The shock forced me into a coma, enabling my unconscious to get on with the business of purging the infection from my body. So we shan't be needing these –

(FX: HEARTSBEAT MONITOR SHUTS OFF; THEN THE VENTILATOR)

ACE:

You should rest.

DOCTOR:

No time. I asked you: where is Hex?

ACE:

I don't know.

DOCTOR:

What?!

ACE:

Sorry. After you went down, it all went mental...

(FX: CROSSFADE TO:)

SCENE 77: FLASHBACK: EXT. ROAD BESIDE TARDIS

(FX: FROM END OF PART THREE:)

ACE:

Hex, no!

(FX: A PULSE RIFLE FIRES. THE DOCTOR CRIES OUT...)

(FX: ... AND CRASHES TO THE GROUND. BEAT)

HEX:

Ace... what have you done?

(FX: CONTAMINANTS SNARL)

ACE:

Stopped you from doing something worse!

ARISTEDES:

(TO NIMROD) Sir – the Contaminants!

NIMROD:

Aristedes, see to the Doctor!

ACE:

I only grazed him, he'll be all right. He'll be all right, I'm telling you!

ARISTEDES:

I think he's dead.

NIMROD:

Don't be so sure.

HEX:

Oh, this is all messed up! (FX: HE THROWS THE PULSE RIFLE DOWN)
I've had it with the lot of youse! (FX: HE RUNS)

ACE:

Hex, come back! The Contaminants!

(FX: SHE MAKES TO FOLLOW, BUT NIMROD GRABS HER)

NIMROD:

Let him go.

ACE:

(STRUGGLING) Get off me, Dracula!

NIMROD:

Mr Schofield is the master of his own destiny.

ARISTEDES:

If anyone wants the Doctor to live, we need to get him back to base now!

NIMROD:

We must leave!

(FX: CONTAMINANTS SNARL AND CLOSE IN. CROSSFADE TO:)

SCENE 78: INT. WHITE RABBIT PUB

HEX:

... and I've been out here on my tod for three days. Everything's a mess. He lied to me, the Doctor. About me mam. About everything. He was so desperate for me to go with him, after the Cybermen. Now I know why. —

JARROD:

(GASPS IN PAIN)

HEX:

Sorry, mate. Jabbering on.

JARROD:

The infection... I don't know how much longer before...

HEX:

Try not to think about it, yeah?

JARROD:

They still talk about her, you know. Your mother.

HEX:

What?

JARROD:

Back at C4. She's a legend. Sir William's protégée. There was a rumour that — (STOPS HIMSELF)

HEX:

(ALERT) A rumour about what?

JARROD:

That... after she died — Sir William kept her remains.

HEX:

(QUIET) What...?

JARROD:

They say there are caskets in the Archive. Coffins.

HEX:

(EXHALES HEAVILY)

JARROD:

Sorry, it's just a stupid rumour.

HEX:

(DECISIVE) We've got to go back.

JARROD:
You're joking.

HEX:
Back to the Crichton Building. The Doctor had a cure. We can get you fixed up. And then...

JARROD:
Then what?

HEX:
If Mam's there... I can give her a proper burial. Put everything right.

JARROD:
We'll never get there. Contaminants are all over the place.

HEX:
I've got to try.

SCENE 79: INT. CORRIDOR

DOCTOR:

(WALKING BRISKLY) I must talk to Nimrod. That serum is the only chance we have to reverse the mutation. Then we must find Hex. We'll need transport, too –

ACE:

(WALKING) I could tap Aristedes for an SUV. Although you're not her favourite person.

DOCTOR:

(STOPPING) Why, what have I done?

ACE:

You tell me? Something about destroying the Forge? Killing all her friends?

DOCTOR:

What?! I'd never... (TRAILS OFF)

ACE:

What?

DOCTOR:

Ace, you have to promise – whatever Captain Aristedes told you, you must never tell me.

ACE:

Why?

DOCTOR:

Those events are from their past...

ACE:

(REALISING) ... but not yours!

DOCTOR:

I rather think my future is catching up with me.

ACE:

What are we going to do?

DOCTOR:

Stick to the plan. (WALKING OFF, CALLING BACK) You find Aristedes. I'll find Nimrod!

SCENE 80: EXT. STREET

(FX: HEX AND JARROD SHUFFLING ALONG, HEX HELPING)

HEX:

It's alright, big fella. I've got you.

JARROD:

(WINCES) This is insane.

HEX:

Yeah, not wrong. (SPOTS SOMETHING) Abandoned car! (FX: HOBBLING UP TO THE CAR) Hey, and the door's open! Bingo!

JARROD:

Yeah, there's no key-?

HEX:

(LETTING GO OF JARROD) Hold on there. (EASING INTO DRIVER'S SEAT) I'll see if I can't hotwire it.

(FX: HEX BEGINS TO FIDDLE AROUND WITH WIRES)

JARROD:

Where'd you learn to do that?

HEX:

Misspent youth.

JARROD:

(MEANING "TYPICAL SCOUSER") Figures.

HEX:

Not mine. Ace's. (FX: HE CONTINUES TO FIDDLE. PACK OF CONTAMINANTS APPROACHING FROM OFF) Tell you what, though - this isn't as easy as it looks -

JARROD

(WARNING) Schofield...

HEX:

(FX: PAUSES FIDDLING) Oh, great. A whole pack of them! ... Can you run?

JARROD:

No.

HEX:

Ah well. It's not like we'd get ten feet anyways.

(FX: CONTAMINANTS CLOSING IN...)

SCENE 81: INT. NIMROD'S OFFICE

ORACLE:

Director, the Prime Minister wishes to speak to you.

NIMROD:

Very well.

(FX: PHONE RECEIVER PICKED UP)

Prime Minister.

(BEAT)

Yes, I'm aware the deadline has passed.

(BEAT)

We have the serum, modified from the Doctor's original. We have mass synthesised enough in the last 72 hours to adapt for use with the pulse rifles. We are on the verge of...

(BEAT)

Sir. 24 hours. Please.

(BEAT)

I am aware of the alternative. One more day and we will have results. You have my word.

(FX: HANDSET REPLACED)

Oh, Oracle. I do miss the days of hiding in the shadows. We used to be so...

DOCTOR:

(FROM DOORWAY) ... unaccountable?

NIMROD:

Doctor! So you survived.

DOCTOR:

(FX: STEPPING INTO ROOM) I always do. The serum?

NIMROD:

Impressive work.

DOCTOR:

Even for an alien?

NIMROD:

Doctor, I meant no [disrespect -]

DOCTOR:

Oh, we both know what we think of one another, Nimrod. The important thing is to make this serum work, for the sake of the human race. (CONCERNED) These, uh, "modifications" of yours -

NIMROD:

Eavesdropping is a terrible habit, Doctor. (BEAT) Your 'cure' was simply a modification of the virus that created the Twilight vampires in the first place, correct?

DOCTOR:

There was nothing simple about it.

NIMROD:

Oh, I agree. Using your own blood to create a serum that wouldn't attack the rogue elements of a newly vampirised body, but would isolate the original DNA pattern locked within her cells.

DOCTOR:

Once found, it would force the body to re-establish the original DNA structure, purging the vampiric mutation.

NIMROD:

Bringing about a... regeneration. I've always been intrigued how similar vampire DNA is to that of a Time Lord.

DOCTOR:

(IGNORING HIM) The same principle can reverse the mutation in the Contaminants. Theoretically.

NIMROD:

But soon the theory can be put to the test. The modified serum is now being replicated. Oracle?

ORACLE:

Sample serum ready for testing.

NIMROD:

There. We can pick up the first batch in your lab.

DOCTOR:

This ends tonight, Nimrod. Once the humans have been restored, Ace, Hex and I will be leaving.

NIMROD:

Surely that is Mr Schofield's choice? If you can find him, of course.

(FX: ALARM)

NIMROD:
Now what? Oracle?

(FX: ALARM CONTINUES OVER CUT TO:)

SCENE 82: INT. CENTRAL OPS

(FX: A CONTROL ROOM, SEVERAL SCREENS ALL SHOWING CONTAMINANTS HISSING AND SCREAMING, HEARD OVER SPEAKERS)

ARISTEDES:

(INTO COMMS) Matthews! Matthews, report!

SOLDIER:

(D) They're pouring in from all directions, Ma'am! I don't know how we're going to hold them!

ARISTEDES:

Just hold on, I'll be down as soon as I [can -] (FX: STATIC) Matthews? (FX: DOOR SWISHES OPEN) Matthews?

ACE:

(RUSHING IN) Lysandra! ... (FX: DOOR SWISHES SHUT) What's happening?

ARISTEDES:

Security breach.

ACE:

What, your captured Contaminants have escaped?

ARISTEDES:

No. Containment is holding. *That's* showing the *outside* of the building. (FX: UP CHITTERING AND HISSING ON SCREENS) Ever seen *Dawn of the Dead*?

ACE:

No, but I have seen *Zulu*.

ARISTEDES:

The Contaminants aren't breaking out. They're breaking in!

SCENE 83: EXT. STREET

(FX: CONTAMINANTS HISS CURIOUSLY)

JARROD:
What are they waiting for?

HEX:
Come on! Get it over with!

(FX: CONTAMINANTS CHITTER. THEN, AS ONE, TURN AND RUN)

JARROD:
They're going. Schofield-?!?

HEX:
I don't get it. They had us, then they just do one.

JARROD:
They're all... (EFFORT) ... heading the same way.

HEX:
(REALISATION) Straight for the Crichton Building!

JARROD:
(GASPS IN PAIN)

HEX:
You okay?

JARROD:
I'm looking at my future. What do you think?

HEX:
Good point. Sorry. (REACHING INTO WIRING AGAIN) The only place we're going to get help is in there, so best we join the party.
— (FX: CAR ENGINE SPURTS INTO LIFE) Gottit!

SCENE 84: INT. CENTRAL OPS

(FX: SOUNDS OF BATTLE FROM THE SPEAKERS. PULSE RIFLES FIRED, CONTAMINANTS ATTACKING, SOLDIERS SHOUTING)

ARISTEDES:

(INTO COMMS) Whiston? Are you there? Whiston!!!

ACE:

Call UNIT, Lysandra. We're gonna need help!

ARISTEDES:

It'll take too long. By the time they get here... (DECISIVELY, GETTING OUT OF CHAIR) Aw, that's it!

ACE:

You're not going down there?

ARISTEDES:

Yeah. (FX: CLATTER OF PULSE RIFLE) Fancy some?

(BEAT)

ACE:

Go on, then. I'm game. -

(FX: DOOR SWISHES OPEN, DOCTOR AND NIMROD STEP THROUGH)

DOCTOR:

I wouldn't advise that, Ace.

(FX: DOOR SWISHES SHUT)

NIMROD:

Aristedes, report.

ARISTEDES:

The Contaminants are attacking the building, sir.

NIMROD:

Attempting to release the ones below.

DOCTOR:

(STUDYING SCREENS, CURIOUS) No, Nimrod. This isn't a jailbreak. It's a mating call!

ACE:

A what?

NIMROD:

Explain.

DOCTOR:
Oracle, show me the containment pens.

ORACLE:
Complying.

(FX: SCREENS FLICKER – CHAOS FROM OUTSIDE REPLACED BY LOW MOANS FROM CAPTURED CONTAMINANTS IN CONTAINMENT BAY)

ACE:
Yeah. We've seen them.

DOCTOR:
But have you seen these? Oracle, magnify.

(FX: WHIRR AS CAMERA VIEW CHANGES)

NIMROD:
Eggs!

DOCTOR:
My link to the hive mind has been severed, but I can still sense what's going on. The Contaminants aren't the threat we thought they were. They're merely a stepping-stone.

ARISTEDES:
To what?

DOCTOR:
Once the victims mutate they feed on the weak and infirm – those not strong enough to survive the metamorphosis.

ACE:
Building up their strength for a booty call?

DOCTOR:
We've helped them by bringing so many Contaminants here. Somewhere safe, warm and underground. The perfect nest.

ACE:
Yeah, and I'm guessing the kids are going to be a lot more trouble than the parents.

DOCTOR:
The Contaminants are a flawed hybrid, but their offspring will far deadlier. It's how they've colonised planets the galaxy over.

ARISTEDES:
How do you know all this?

DOCTOR:

I saw it. A hundred worlds teeming with their offspring, devoid of all other life.

NIMROD:

And Earth's next.

ORACLE:

Alert. Security breach in Central Ops.

DOCTOR:

Central Ops? That's —

(FX: DOOR SWISHES OPEN. A CONTAMINANT HISSES)

ACE:

... Yeah. Here.

(FX: CONTAMINANT ADVANCES, CHITTERING)

DOCTOR:

Stand still! It's confused, looking for the nest.

ACE:

If you say so.

DOCTOR:

Ace, very slowly, activate the door control...

NIMROD:

Captain, your pulse rifle. This is the perfect opportunity to test the new serum.

ARISTEDES:

Sir.

DOCTOR:

(TO CONTAMINANT) It's all right, we can help you now.

NIMROD:

(TO ARISTEDES) Take the ampoule. Lock and load... (FX: CLUNK, CLICK FROM RIFLE) ... like so. Excellent. In your own time, Aristedes.

(FX: CONTAMINANT ROARS, RUSHES FORWARD...)

ACE:

You sure about that-?

(FX: RIFLE FIRES. CONTAMINANT SCREAMS... A LONG, DRAWN-OUT HOWL. SPLUTTERING, POPPING SOUNDS AS ITS BODY TURNS TO GLOOP)

DOCTOR:
This is wrong. It's not reverting. It's...

NIMROD:
Dying.

(FX. CONTAMINANT DIES, BODY REDUCING TO SLIME — SCHLOOPS TO FLOOR)

ACE:
It's gloop!

NIMROD:
Succinct as ever, Miss McShane.

DOCTOR:
The serum doesn't work!

NIMROD:
Nonsense, Doctor. It works perfectly.

DOCTOR:
(FURIOUS) Your "modifications", Nimrod!

NIMROD:
Precisely. The serum indeed breaks down DNA, exactly as planned. The "rewriting" seemed... unnecessary.

DOCTOR:
This is murder!

SCENE 85: INT. CAR/EXT. CRICHTON BUILDING APPROACH

(FX: WE'RE INSIDE HEX'S CAR AS IT SCREECHES TO HALT. OUTSIDE, IN THE B/G, CONTAMINANTS ARE SWARMING INTO THE BUILDING; C4 SOLDIERS ARE HOLDING THEM OFF WITH PULSE RIFLES)

JARROD:

It's so... hot. I can't breathe...

HEX:

(FX: OPENING DRIVERS' DOOR) Jarrod, just stay with me, yeah? That lot aren't interested in us, we'll find a way in.

(FX: HE GETS OUT AND CROSSES AROUND TO THE PASSENGER SIDE. UNDER THIS:)

JARROD:

So... hot. I can't... have long left...

HEX:

(FX: OPENING PASSENGER DOOR) You'll be all right. Take my hand. (HAULING JARROD OUT) I'll get you to the medical bay, then I'll find Sir [William-] (STOPS SHORT) Nimrod, I mean. I'll find Nimrod.

JARROD:

It's no use -

HEX:

You're not beaten yet! Come on!

(FX: THEY STAGGER A FEW YARDS, TO BE MET BY AN ANGRY CHITTERING FROM A ADVANCING GROUP OF CONTAMINANTS)

HEX:

Oh, what?!?

JARROD:

Thought you said... they wouldn't be interested?

HEX:

Yeah, well, I was hopin' -

JARROD:

Just... get out of here, Schofield!

HEX:

Not without you!

(FX: CONTAMINANTS HALT. EXPECTANT CHITTERING)

JARROD:

You don't... get it. It's me they've... come for.

HEX:

Eh?!?

JARROD:

Reckon they know me for one of their [ooooown -] (FX: HE BEGINS TO TRANSFORM. EFFECT AS BEFORE)

HEX:

Oh, hey. Jarrod, man-!

JARROD:

(FX: VOICE DISTORTED, MORE INSECTOID THAN HUMAN) Go! Go!
Gooooo!

HEX:

I'm sorry, big fella - (FX: HE RUNS)

(FX: A CHORUS OF CHITTERS FROM CONTAMINANTS)

SCENE 86: INT. CENTRAL OPS

NIMROD:

Captain, order your men into the containment areas. I want every last Contaminant destroyed with serum darts.

DOCTOR:

These are human beings, victims of the Forge's unethical meddling. You are duty-bound to help them!

NIMROD:

I am duty-bound to eradicate them, to restore balance for King and Country. Although not before egg samples have been removed and frozen for study at an isolated facility, of course.

DOCTOR:

And the cycle begins again!

ACE:

Look, Nimrod – you can't send any more of your people down there!

ARISTEDES:

Miss McShane is right, sir. Our forces are too depleted, the Contaminants outnumber us four-to-one. We need to find another way.

NIMROD:

That was an order, Captain! The serum works, we need to call in reinforcements. (BEAT) I'm waiting, Captain...

ARISTEDES:

I'm sorry it's come to this. Oracle, emergency protocol Aristedes-7X-45.

ORACLE:

Verifying.

(FX. ARISTEDES POWERS UP HER PULSE RIFLE)

NIMROD:

Captain?

ARISTEDES:

I always respected you, always respected the chain of command. But our mandate here was to find a cure. You have failed.

ORACLE:

Protocol verified. Authorisation: Wordley, S. J. Level One.

ACE:

Who?

DOCTOR:

The Prime Minister. I rather think that Sir William just become accountable.

ORACLE:

Department C4 is now under the command of acting director Lysandra Aristedes.

NIMROD:

(LAUGHING) Oracle, disregard Protocol Aristedes-7X-45.

ORACLE:

You are Sir William Abberton, former Director of Department C4. Your authority is not recognised.

ARISTEDES:

Sir William, you are under arrest. Cover him, Ace.

ACE:

(FX: POWERING UP RIFLE) With pleasure.

NIMROD:

Well then, Lysandra. Tell us your 'other way'.

DOCTOR:

Nimrod – we can still save the Contaminants. If we get to the lab, refine the serum –

NIMROD:

Doctor. Are you asking me to help you? (LAUGHS)

DOCTOR:

For once in your life, Nimrod – [listen!]

ARISTEDES:

I'm sorry, Doctor, it's too late. Oracle, coded transmission to R.A.F. command. Air strike authorised. Codeword: Destiny.

ORACLE:

Complying.

ACE:

Air strike?!?

ARISTEDES:

Euro-Harriers will be scrambling at Boscombe Down, carrying distronic missiles harvested from a Arcadian spacecraft nine years ago. Anything organic will be completely vaporised within a set radius of the blast.

NIMROD:

The Contaminants will still die, 'Director'.

ARISTEDES:

This way, there will be no further casualties. London will be saved.

DOCTOR:

But you have to let us try!

ARISTEDES:

You said it yourself, Doctor – you've seen what will happen. A world teeming with the Contaminants' offspring, devoid of all other life? ... Well, not on my watch.

ORACLE:

Aircraft launching.

ARISTEDES:

(FX: OPENING COMMS CHANNEL) This is Acting Director Aristedes to all units. Pull back immediately and evacuate the building.

ACE:

Shouldn't we be doing the same?

DOCTOR:

(RESIGNED) I think that may be wise.

ARISTEDES:

Time to go, Nimrod –

(FX: DOOR SLIDES OPEN, HEX STEPS THROUGH, PULSE RIFLE WHINES)

ACE:

Hex!

HEX:

Everybody back. You too, Doctor!

DOCTOR:

Hex, what are you doing?

HEX:

Putting everything right. Nimrod, move towards me.

NIMROD:

(POLITE) If you insist.

HEX:

Hear you've got something that belongs to me? Down in your Archives?

NIMROD:

(FX: STEPS FORWARD) Yes. Yes, of course.

DOCTOR:

What are you talking about-?

ACE:

Hex, this is mad! We have to get out!

HEX:

Don't try to follow me. I don't know what I'm capable of, not any more. Nimrod – move!

(FX: HE SHOVES NIMROD OUT. THE DOOR CLOSING)

DOCTOR:

Stupid, stupid, stupid! Ace, I have to go after them.

ACE:

Yeah, and I'm coming with you!

DOCTOR:

No, Ace.

ACE:

Professor-!

DOCTOR:

I said no!

(FX: DOOR OPENS)

DOCTOR:

Captain, please escort my friend to safety. Use that dreadful gun if you have to.

ARISTEDES:

As you wish.

ACE:

You what-?!?

DOCTOR:

Fair's fair – you shot me for my own good, remember?

ACE:

But you'll die down there!

DOCTOR:

I'll get him out. Somehow. (EXITING) Now go!

SCENE 87: INT. HARRIER (IN FLIGHT)

(FX: FROM INSIDE ONE OF THREE HARRIERS STREAKING ACROSS THE SKY)

PILOT:

(OVER COMMS) Squadron leader to base. Eight minutes to target.

SCENE 88: INT. ARCHIVE

(FX: RENDING METAL AS HYDRAULIC DOORS RIPPED APART)

NIMROD:

(EFFORT) There, Mr Schofield.

HEX:

Now that's what I call a manual override. Get in!

NIMROD:

(STEPPING IN) As you insist. But I warn you, this is a futile gesture –

HEX:

I want her back, Nimrod. Just – find her, yeah?

NIMROD:

Very well. (WALKING) This way...

SCENE 89: INT. HARRIER (IN FLIGHT)

(FX: AS BEFORE)

PILOT:

(OVER COMMS) Six minutes to target.

SCENE 90: INT. ARCHIVE

NIMROD:

(WALKING TO HALT) Here we are, Mr Schofield.

HEX:

I don't see no coffins.

NIMROD:

Oh, the caskets. They're thirty levels down.

HEX:

Then why are we wasting time with these – I dunno, torpedo tubes?

NIMROD:

(FX: EXTRACTING CANISTER FROM SILO – PNEUMATIC HISS) Come now, Mr Schofield. You've seen the films, haven't you? The vampire Count crumbling to dust in the final reel?

HEX:

She's in there-?

NIMROD:

(FX: TAPPING METAL CANISTER) This canister is the last repository for your mother's... immortal remains.

(BEAT)

HEX

(SWALLOWING) Open it.

DOCTOR:

(APPROACHING FROM OFF) I would strongly advise against that.

NIMROD:

Doctor. This is private business!

HEX:

All I want's to give her a proper burial, Doctor. Like she deserves. Is that too much to ask?

NIMROD:

Well put, Mr Schofield. But there is an alternative.

DOCTOR:

(WARNING) Nimrod!

HEX:

What's he mean?

DOCTOR:
Please, Hex. Haven't you suffered enough?

NIMROD:
Immortal remains, I said. We vampires don't die as humans do.
We cling on to existence. And in certain circumstances...

HEX:
Yeah. I've seen the films.

NIMROD:
You, Hex – you are of her blood.

HEX:
(SLOWLY) Then – I can bring her back?

DOCTOR:
Don't listen to him!

HEX:
Shut it, Doctor. (TO NIMROD) Open it!

NIMROD:
Of course.

DOCTOR:
Hex! No good can come of this!

(FX: NIMROD UNDOES CANISTER LID – CLICK. PFF)

NIMROD:
Here, Tommy. Take it.

(FX: A HUB-BUB OF GENERAL WHISPERING, TELEPATHIC EFFECT FROM
PROJECT: TWILIGHT)

HEX:
(QUIET) Mam...

NIMROD:
You know what to do, Tommy. If it's what you want.

HEX:
All I've ever wanted. All my life. More than anything. (BEAT)
Yeah. Let's do this.

DOCTOR:
(DESPAIRING) Hex...!

SCENE 91: INT. HARRIER (IN FLIGHT)

(FX: AS BEFORE)

PILOT:
(OVER COMMS) Four minutes to target.

SCENE 92: INT. ARCHIVE

(FX: WHISPERING)

HEX:
What do I do-?

NIMROD:
Pour them out.

HEX:
Her ashes-?

NIMROD:
Pour them out, onto the floor. (FX: POURING ASHES ONTO FLOOR)
That's right, Tommy.

DOCTOR:
Hex. Anything human died with Cassie. Whatever remains will be...
something else.

(FX: WHISPERING INTENSIFIES)

HEX:
You don't know that.

DOCTOR:
Think what you're doing!

(FX: WHISPERING)

HEX:
It's like she's already here. Talking to me. I can hear the
blood in my head. Her blood.

DOCTOR:
Oh, Hex...

HEX:
(TO NIMROD) I need to cut myself, right?

NIMROD:

You were wounded when you came here. Plasti-skin is so easily broken.

HEX:

Yeah. (GRIM) Yeah. — (FX: RIPS SHIRT; TEARS DRESSING FROM SHOULDER)

NIMROD:

Just one drop. That's all. One drop of your blood.

HEX:

(PROBING HIS GUNSHOT INJURY) One drop — (PAIN) ... ah!

NIMROD:

One drop of blood, into her ashes.

DOCTOR:

Hex, I'm begging you-!

(FX. BEAT. THEN FIZZ AND HISS, AS HEX'S BLOOD HITS CASSIE'S ASHES. WHISPERS GATHERING IN INTENSITY)

HEX

(AWED) It's happening. It's really happening.

SCENE 93: INT. HARRIER (IN FLIGHT)

(FX: AS BEFORE)

PILOT:

Three minutes to target. Missiles armed.

SCENE 94: INT. ARCHIVE

(FX: INTENSE WHISPERING. FIZZING, HISSING, BONES CRUNCHING BACK INTO PLACE ETC AS CASSIE REFORMS)

DOCTOR:
Stay back, Hex-!

(FX: CUT WHISPERING. CUT REFORMATION FX. BEAT)

NIMROD:
Welcome back, Artemis.

HEX:
M-mam? It's me, Mam. Your Tommy. (BEAT) Mam-?

CASSIE:
(FX: A GUTTURAL, SIBILANT HISS – CLEARLY NOT HUMAN. CLEARLY NOT CASSIE) Tom-my...?

DOCTOR:
Look at her, Hex. Look at her! Is that... monstrosity really your mother?

CASSIE:
(ADVANCING) Tom... Tom...

HEX:
You... know me, don't you? Mam!

DOCTOR:
A residual memory, nothing more!

HEX:
(SHOUTING, ANGUISHED) Stop saying that! It's her!

CASSIE:
(SNARLS, OPENING JAWS) Tom-my!!!

NIMROD:
You're wrong, Doctor. She can smell him. Smell her blood in him. And now... she wants to feed.

HEX:
That's not how it is! (UNSURE) Mam-?

DOCTOR:
Hex, look out-!

CASSIE:
(LUNGES AT HEX, HISSING)

HEX:

(GRABBED BY NIMROD, PULLED BACK) Ah! Get off me, Nimrod!

NIMROD:

Not so fast, Artemis! (TO DOCTOR) Poor Doctor. You thought you'd won. You tried to destroy the Forge before. But all you destroyed was a building. The Forge is more than just bricks and mortar. I am the Forge. I win!

HEX:

(STRUGGLING) What d'you think you're playing at?

NIMROD:

Hold still, Schofield! Now, Doctor – watch, as I feed your companion to his own flesh and blood.

CASSIE:

(HISSES)

DOCTOR:

You're too late, Nimrod. The missiles are coming. I'm sorry, Hex. We're going to die.

HEX:

Suits me, Doctor!

NIMROD:

Once Artemis has fed and been fully restored, she and I will be safe within the dead man's chamber! (BEAT) Come, Artemis. It's time to feed.

CASSIE:

(SNARLS)

SCENE 95: INT. HARRIER (IN FLIGHT)

(FX: AS BEFORE)

PILOT:

(OVER COMMS) Target sighted. Final approach.

SCENE 96: INT. ARCHIVE

CASSIE:

(ADVANCING ON HEX) Tom... Tom...

HEX:

(PETRIFIED) I'm not scared. I'm not.

DOCTOR:

That's right, Cassie. Tommy. Your boy. The boy that Nimrod took away from you.

CASSIE:

(LOW GROWL)

DOCTOR:

Look at the man he's become. You would have seen that if Nimrod hadn't murdered you. Seen him take his first steps, cleaned up his knees when he fell. Felt the pain of his first heartbreak, and the joy of his first day as a nurse. You'd have been so proud of him, Cassie. I know, because I'm proud of him every single day.

HEX:

(OVERCOME) I believe you, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Nimrod stole all of that joy away from you. Stole your life. Don't let him steal your son's...

NIMROD:

(SIGHS) A hero to the end, Doctor. But Artemis needs to feed.

CASSIE:

Tommy... (BEAT) Go.

HEX:

Mam?

DOCTOR:

Hex! Run!!!

NIMROD:

Artemis! What do you think you're — (GRABBED BY CASSIE) Ahh!

(FX: CASSIE AND NIMROD GRAPPLING THROUGH:)

HEX:

I'm not leaving her!!!

DOCTOR:

Do as your mother tells you! Run!!!

HEX:

Goodbye, Mam. I —

DOCTOR:

RUN!!!

(FX: DOCTOR AND HEX RUN. NIMROD FIGHTING SNARLING CASSIE)

NIMROD:

I... killed you once, Artemis! And I can kill you again!

SCENE 97: EXT. ROAD BESIDE TARDIS

(FX: JEEP RACING DOWN STREET...)

ACE:

Here, Lysandra!

(FX: JEEP SCREECHES TO HALT. ACE'S BOOTS HIT THE GROUND)

ARISTEDES:

The TARDIS? But —

ACE:

Come on, I'll need a leg up! (FX: RUSHES TO TARDIS. ARISTEDES FOLLOWS)

ARISTEDES:

It's too late. Ace!!!

ACE:

Leg. Up. Now! (EFFORT FROM BOTH) There's a cubbyhole, above the 'P' ... (SEARCHING WITH FINGERS) ... Oh, where is it?

ARISTEDES:

Where's what?

ACE:

(SEARCHING) Spare key!

ARISTEDES:

What, can you fly this thing?

ACE:

No, but I can learn!

ARISTEDES:

In sixty seconds-?

ACE:

(HORROR) It's not there! (PANIC) It's not there, Lysandra!

(FX: 3 x HARRIERS ROAR THROUGH SKY OVERHEAD)

ARISTEDES:

I'm sorry, Ace. You're not going to save them.

SCENE 98: INT. ARCHIVE/INT. DEAD MAN'S CHAMBER

DOCTOR:

(FX: RUNNING, FOLLOWED BY HEX) Dead man's chamber. Dead man's chamber! (FX: STOPS) What dead man's chamber?

HEX:

Here. It's here. Oracle – open this thing for us, will you?

ORACLE:

You are not authorised, Thomas Hector Schofield.

HEX:

You're gonna be dust in seconds! Who's gonna know if you let us through?

(BEAT)

(FX: CHAMBER UNLOCKS)

ORACLE:

Access granted.

HEX:

Cheers, Oracle. You're a mate.

DOCTOR:

(STEPPING INTO CHAMBER) Come on, Hex –

HEX:

(TO ORACLE) Seal it. Seal it!

(FX: CHAMBER LOCKED)

(BEAT)

HEX:

(EXHALES HEAVILY) It's over.

DOCTOR:

(SLOWLY) No. No, this won't work.

HEX:

It's alright, we're safe in here. Dalekanium. Nimrod said.

DOCTOR:

Safe against a conventional explosion, yes. But the distronic payload will pass right through, dispersing all organic matter.

HEX:

We're dead.

SCENE 99: INT. HARRIER (IN FLIGHT)

(FX: AS BEFORE)

PILOT:
Target locked. Missiles away.

(FX: MISSILES FIRE)

SCENE 100: INT. ARCHIVE

(FX: NIMROD AND CASSIE CONTINUE TO FIGHT)

NIMROD:
Let... go of me, you... freak! (INTO THE AIR) This is not the end,
Doctor. Do you hear me? Not the end!!!

(FX: CASSIE SLASHES ACROSS HIS CHEST)

I will survive. I always survive!

(FX: CASSIE SHRIEKS A FINAL NOTE OF DEFIANCE)

SCENE 101: EXT. ROAD BESIDE TARDIS

ARISTEDES:
Ace! Take cover!

SCENE 102: EXT. CRICHTON BUILDING

(FX: FLASH QUICKLY TO CHAOS OF CHITTERING CONTAMINANTS... THEN
THE BUILDING IS DESTROYED IN THREE HUGE, SEQUENTIAL EXPLOSIONS)

SCENE 103: EXT. ROAD BESIDE TARDIS

(FX: FALLING MASONRY. CAR ALARMS SOUND ALL AROUND)

ARISTEDES:

(CHOKING ON DUST) Ace? Where are you-?

ACE:

(OFF, NUMBED) Here. I'm here.

ARISTEDES:

(SCRAMBLING OVER TO ACE) You alright?

ACE:

They're dead, Lysandra. The two best people I've ever known. I should have died with them.

ARISTEDES:

There was nothing you could have done -

ACE:

Yeah. I'm going to be telling myself that the rest of my life, aren't I? (FX: OFF, A WEIRD, SPUTTERING 'SHIMMERING' SOUND)
Thing is, I'm never gonna believe it -

ARISTEDES:

Shut up. Something's - something's happening...

(FX: THE 'SHIMMERING' REACHES A PEAK - A 'FWIP!' - AND THE DOCTOR AND HEX MATERIALISE IN THE STREET)

DOCTOR:

Well now. The White Rabbit. Remarkable.

HEX:

(DOWN) Yeah, that's a turn-up.

ACE:

(DISBELIEVING) Doctor?!? Hex?!? (ALMOST ANNOYED) How'd you do that?

DOCTOR:

Ah. Well. I realised our friend Nimrod knew perfectly well that his dead man's chamber would provide no protection against the blast.

ACE:

Dead man's what-?

DOCTOR:

The point is, Nimrod must have had some other means of making his escape from inside that chamber. To wit (A FLOURISH): one Tressilian matter-transportation unit!

ACE:

Didn't follow a word of that. But you're alive, that's the main thing.

DOCTOR:

It appears so. That said – (CHECKING SELF) – Tressilian matter transportation technology is notoriously unreliable, it's not unknown for one to lose a limb or two en route..

ACE:

Didn't leave any bits of you behind, did you, Hex?

HEX:

Only me heart, Ace.

ACE:

(TO DOCTOR) Is he alright-?

DOCTOR:

No.

ARISTEDES:

What about Sir Wi– (CORRECTS HERSELF) Nimrod, I mean. What about Nimrod?

DOCTOR:

Dispersed. Like the Contaminants.

(BEAT)

HEX:

It's over.

DOCTOR:

Yes, Hex. It's over.

HEX:

That's not what I meant. We're done, Doctor. It's over.

ACE:

Hex-?

HEX:

Sorry, Ace. You were – you were something special. Ah, what's the use. See ya. – (TURNS, WALKS)

ACE:
You can't just walk away! Hex!

HEX:
(RETREATING) Watch me!

ACE:
Doctor, stop him-!

DOCTOR:
Hex needs time. I propose we give him all the time he needs.

ACE:
But what if he doesn't come back?

DOCTOR:
Then I can't say I'd blame him.

ACE:
Doctor, what happened down there-?

DOCTOR:
Someone once said a lie may take care of the present, but it has no future. How right they were.

SCENE 104: INT. TARDIS

(FX: DOORS. THE DOCTOR WALKS IN, FOLLOWED BY ACE & ARISTEDES)

ARISTEDES:

Wow. It really is –

ACE:

You'd better believe it.

DOCTOR:

Er – what is it you want, Captain Aristedes?

ARISTEDES:

The Forge is finished. UNIT are on their way in, to secure the capital. I don't much want to face the music alone.

DOCTOR:

(FX: BUSYING HIMSELF AT CONSOLE) No, I can't imagine you'd want to face the consequences of your actions.

ARISTEDES:

(TO ACE, A BIT TAKEN BACK) It's like that, is it?

ACE:

I guess. Goodbye, Lysandra.

ARISTEDES:

Goodbye, Ace. It's been –

ACE:

Yeah, it has.

ARISTEDES:

For what it's worth, I was wrong about you, Doctor. (TURNING) That – symbol above the doors. What is it?

DOCTOR:

(DISINTERESTED) The Seal of Rassilon.

ARISTEDES:

I've seen it somewhere before. (THINKS) Yes, in the Archive!

ACE:

What, in the Crichton Building?

ARISTEDES:

On a coffin, I think. Level Thirty. (NO RESPONSE) Oh well. (FX: EXITS)

(FX: DOOR CLOSES)

ACE:

Right. I'm gonna get myself cleaned up, then I'm going out to find Hex.

DOCTOR:

No.

ACE:

I can't leave it alone, Doctor. Not after all we've been [through -]

DOCTOR:

I mean, not yet! The Captain just described a Gallifreyan sarcophagus.

ACE:

Oh, no. -

DOCTOR:

There's a Time Lord, in the Archive. We're going back.

(MUSIC: CRASH IN CLOSING THEME)

THE END